"THE WOMAN IN GREY," A GREAT SERIAL BEGINS IN NEXT WEEK'S LEDGER

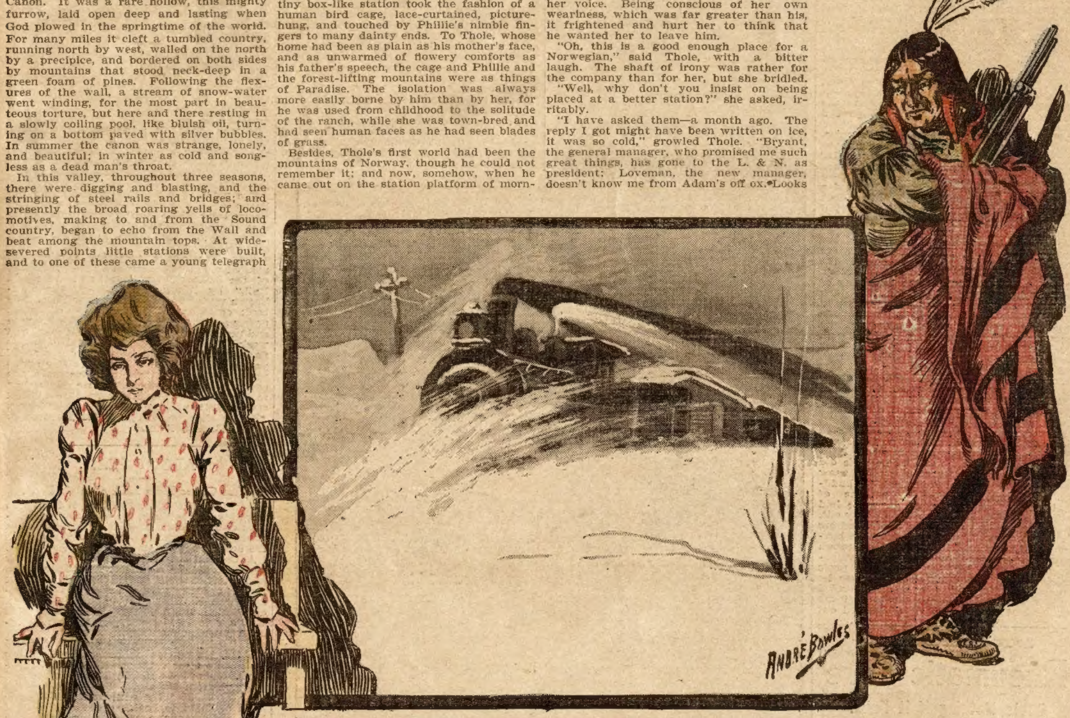
THE CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XXXI, NO. 50. CHICA ILL., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1903. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

SAVING THE SOUND LIMITED;

Or, THOLE NANSEN'S SACRIFICE.

BY ALVAH MILTON KERR.



(Copyright, 1903, by Lee & Shepard.)

Most of the drama was lived in Wall Canon. It was a rare hollow, this mighty furrow, laid open deep and lasting when God plowed in the springtime of the world. For many miles it cleft a tumbled country, running north by west, walled on the north by a precipice, and bordered on both sides by mountains that stood neck-deep in a green foam of pines. Following the flexures of the wall, a stream of snow-water went winding, for the most part in beauteous torture, but here and there resting in a slowly coiling pool, like bluish oil, turning on a bottom paved with silver bubbles. In summer the canon was strange, lonely, and beautiful; in winter as cold and songless as a dead man's throat.

In this valley, throughout three seasons, there were digging and blasting, and the stringing of steel rails and bridges; and presently the broad roaring yells of locomotives, making to and from the Sound country, began to echo from the Wall and beat among the mountain tops. At wide-severed points little stations were built, and to one of these came a young telegraph operator and his wife. They were from Greely Point, way eastward on the hilly fringe of the wheat plains.

Thole Nansen, the husband, blue-eyed and milky of skin, was from a ranch near the Point, while Phillie, the brown-eyed wife, was fresh from girlhood days in the town. Thole, riding homeward from a visit to Phillie one stormy night two years before, had saved one of the company's trains from destruction—full chronicle of the achievement would make a story in itself—and had entered the railroad's service with warm assurances of preferment and promotion. After an apprenticeship at the Point, he had been commissioned to take charge of Parker Bend, on the middle mountain division, out in Wall Valley. Of course, Thole, who cared for Phillie after a fashion that was almost pitiful for its tenderness, could not well go away into the wilderness without her, while to have her with him promised to turn isolation into something sweet and beautiful.

But theirs was the tragedy of social hunger, that poverty of human contact which gnaws at many a heart in the little railway stations among the mountains of the West. For many months they were sufficient to each other; time went blithely as on new wings and streaming holiday ribbons. The tiny box-like station took the fashion of a human bird cage, lace-curtained, picture-hung, and touched by Phillie's nimble fingers to many dainty ends. To Thole, whose home had been as plain as his mother's face, and as unwarmed of flowery comforts as his father's speech, the cage and Phillie and the forest-lifting mountains were as things of Paradise. The isolation was always more easily borne by him than by her, for he was used from childhood to the solitude of the ranch, while she was town-bred and had seen human faces as he had seen blades of grass.

Besides, Thole's first world had been the mountains of Norway, though he could not remember it; and now, somehow, when he came out on the station platform of mornings and looked about him, the mountains lifting their crests like the heads of mighty lions, shaking back blowing manes of forest, made him thrill with a sweet home feeling. Then there was the great frowning Wall, seamed and soaring and swart, like a craggy rampart that received the ocean's battering plunges—he could not remember where. And again, there was the stream of blue snow-water forever breaking its mirrored pictures in the cool shadows. The murmurous drumming of its falls soothed him as might the snoring music of the kettle on his mother's kitchen stove. For a time, at least, he was filled with vast content.

Phillie, too, throughout the flowery season, went singing about her duties, a double summer—love and the earth's warmth—in her bosom. But when the hilltops began to yellow with autumn, and the far-falling cataracts of pines began to blacken against fields of snow, the girl's heart fell homesick. Thole took it jovially, but when winter came in earnest, and the canon was a river of cold, and the mountain forests moaned in desolation, he grew sober.

The trains were few in that first year, and there seemed almost nothing for the young couple to do save to sit in the little station and listen to the intermitting rattle of the telegraph instruments and the wide, ocean-like sobbing of the forests. Insensibly, as the winter progressed, they grew weary of each other. The loneliness of the region, like a ponderable substance, crushed them together until their spirits ached. Though loving fondly, their natures, from sheer lack of change, wore upon each other pitiably.

"Why don't you go home to your folks and pay 'em a visit, Phillie?" asked Thole, one day in mid-winter. "I'll get you a pass."

Phillie smote him with a look. "Do you think I could go and leave you in this prison?" she asked, a note of indignation in her voice. Being conscious of her own weariness, which was far greater than his, it frightened and hurt her to think that he wanted her to leave him.

"Oh, this is a good enough place for a Norwegian," said Thole, with a bitter laugh. The shaft of irony was rather for the company than for her, but she bridled.

"Well, why don't you insist on being placed at a better station?" she asked, irritably.

"I have asked them—a month ago. The reply I got might have been written on ice, it was so cold," growled Thole. "Bryant, the general manager, who promised me such great things, has gone to the L. & N. as president; Loveman, the new manager, doesn't know me from Adam's off ox. Looks like I'd have to earn promotion by waiting or by some new feat of—of service for the company."

Phillie came and sat on the arm of his chair, and put her hand on his. A soft glow spread over her face. "My good, brave boy, my hero," she said, with sudden convulsive tenderness, "I'll help you to wait, and, maybe, win over again what you have already won—the right to promotion."

Thole put his arm about her, and they sat in silence looking across the telegraph table and out through the little bay window at the tumbled wilderness of mountains and snow.

"Yes; we'll have to wait," he said, with an attempt at cheerfulness, but even while they looked, the vast outer silence drove a deeper shadow to their eyes, and the solitude seemed to tower about them like an inward-leaning wall.

To wait is a grievous thing with youth, and as the days went, the burden upon their bosoms seemed to bite to the quick; By times Phillie grew strangely irritable; in such moments Thole laughed or was sullen.

Trains rarely stopped at Parker's Bend save for orders, there being neither merchandizing nor inhabitants. The young couple's only congeners were McGoogin, the bachelor section foreman, and his four Chinese workmen. Throughout the long months of cold, even glimpses of the faces of passengers, flashing between the Eastern and Western worlds, were for the most part denied them, the coach windows being covered with frost. There were days together when all traffic ceased, the snow-shed system being scarcely yet begun; and there were days when the only trains that passed were the snow plow and the flanger, the first monster half covering the station under a mighty windrow of pearly meal, the last raving after like a tittering demon, howling shrilly as it flew.

Toward the warm end of the slow-spreading spring track-walkers were set to pacing the line. The earth wounds began to slough and throw down wet masses of dirt on the rails. One of the walkers came to Parker's Bend.

In early summer Phillie went home for a two week's visit. She did not return until nearly two month's had passed. Thole watched in the lonely station, fishing by times in the stream. Dubeen, the walker, paced the track and brooded. When Phillie returned, the eyes of the walker brightened and his tongue loosened; Thole's face, thinner and longer and sprinkled with a light beard, was full of cloud. To the young wife the place seemed little and mean and lonely beyond its wont, and Thole—was he growing homely and lean and old?

"You must quit this place; if they won't promote or transfer you, then, dearest, resign," she said, with a throb of loving concern.

"I shall stay right here until the company sends for me," said Thole, shutting his teeth doggedly. "They know what I've done and what I am. I ask for favors but once."

The light in Phillie's big brown eyes grew cold. "You're silly," she said, in frosty disgust. Thole's thin cheeks flushed, and he started an angry reply, but stopped short, and never spoke of the matter more. Then days, weeks and months passed, and brought the second winter, and that dragged by in a cold horror of storms, and spring and summer came and went, and another winter webbed the mountain heads in flying clouds of snow; still the meager station reports from Parker's Bend came down to the auditor's office signed with Thole's name, and the dispatcher's call always found him at the key.

Then Phillie's integrity of purpose broke. One stormy night she told Thole to go to bed; she would sit up for the midnight eastern express, and wake him if needed. When the train came grinding through the growing drifts, she flagged it, and slipped aboard and was gone.

Phillie paid her fare to Braggers, the division station, seventy miles east. At that point an intersecting line cut southward through the mountains. Doc Ryan, the conductor, big, elderly, taciturn, came and sat by Phillie. Her face looked strained, odd, half insane. He asked her questions. Once, ending a query, he asked her where she was going. For answer she pressed her hand to her forehead, and said, helplessly:

"I don't know; everything in my head seems drawn forward in a burning knot right here. It hurts me so! I—I suppose I'm parting from Thole!"

Ryan arose, and said, quietly: "Come into the Pullman; you ought to lie down," and Phillie followed, but hesitatingly.

Dawn was breaking in a wild heaven when the train crept into Braggers. The engine and coaches were heaped with snow, and the air was blear and tossing like powdered white hair. Phillie stepped down on the platform and gazed about her. All things looked cold, vague, desolta.e

Ryan moved carelessly to Phillie's side. He looked up nonchalantly to the stormy sky and away towards the filmy outlines of the western mountains.

"I expect that lame boy at the Bend will be lonesome, back there in the cañon," he said, wistfully. "He might get hungry, too. Some one ought to be there to cook for him—it's so cold there." He kept looking about the sky and speaking in a dreamy, pitying fashion. "He isn't very well, anyway; I've noticed it for a long time. He's such a nice fellow, too; everybody likes him." He looked down. Phillie's big eyes were swimming and her lips and fingers quivering. "Well," said Ryan, starting to move away, "I'll see if I can get hold of a Chinaman who can cook, and take him back to the boy on my return trip. He's too good a man to let starve."

"You needn't mind," came Phillie's voice, shaking a little, but vibrant. "I'm obliged to you, but I know my business. I'm going back on the next train." She moved toward the station, erect and white.

"I'll hand Plucks of the Sound Limited a note. He'll carry you to the Bend without any questions," said Ryan, and he turned toward his train and roared "All abo-oard!" in triumph.

An hour later Phillie's face, softened but resolute, in the dim light of a coach on the Sound Limited, was turned toward the west.

That day of storm was the beginning of heroic things. Everywhere on the long mountain division the trains wallowed in snow. There was no sky; the mountains were only vague, wavering shadows, the canons seemed choked with boiling froth. Coach windows and the windows of cabs were pasted thick with the driving frost, and locomotives, with engineers who saw almost nothing, plunged through the whirling stuff like blinded monsters.

Down in Wall Canon one could not see ten feet. The miles and miles of hanging forest roared like a million muffled drums, steady, incessant, appalling. Thole paced the floor of the little station at the Bend, forgetful of everything save only that Phillie was gone, he knew not where. He did not eat, the fire went out unheeded, snow piled nearly to the eaves of the little building, the windows were gray patches of light. With the coming of dawn he had pulled on rubber boots, broken his way out, and floundered all about the region, calling his wife's name. Again and again he hurried up and down the track, peering through the storm; he looked with fearful questioning at the dark blotches where the pools whirled under the Wall. Toward noon he found McGoogin and his men, a muffled white crew, pushing their car toward the west end of the section. Thole panted out the information that Phillie was lost. McGoogin stammered and hesitated and looked about him.

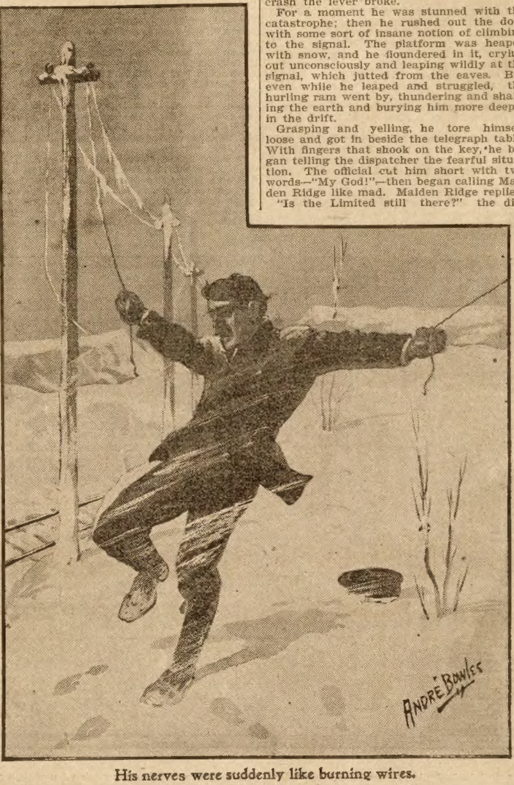
"It's quare, lad, but maybe ye didn't nootis that she's moighty tired of things here. I think ye'll foind she's left ye."

Thole stared at him through the driving snow, then turned and went into the station. His face was like ashes.

That morning Banty Jones, pulling the Sound Limited, with No. 482, leaving Braggers, rolled and wallowed his way through Eagle Gulch, but stalled before he reached the pushers at the foot of Rollinger Pass. Hank Lawrence and Jack Evans, with the squatty old helpers, "63" and "107," bunted their way down to Banty and hooked in ahead on the Limited, and the three engines bucked and plowed and bellowed all day on the smothered curves of the Pass. Night found them down in the eastern end of Wall Canon, with the snow from eight to twelve feet deep in spots. They beat into it and tore and rolled and clogged as in mountains of feathers. Near nine o'clock they got the train into Sinker Tunnel and Plucks pulled the bell-cord. He came over to Banty.

"Better cut the engines off, and you fellows thrash a hole through to Crooked Tunnel and come back for us," he said. "We'll get this train stuck and buried out of sight first thing we know, and have some frozen passengers on our hands when daylight comes."

Banty and his fireman were black as negroes and wet as ship-rats. "All right; I'll tell the boys ahead," said Banty. "Maybe the plow from the west will make Crooked Tunnel by the time we get the train there; then we'll be all hunky." And the three engines proceeded to buck a way through to Crooked Tunnel, sixteen miles distant, then returned and got the Limited over; but they were all night doing it, which meant that it was deadly hard.



His nerves were suddenly like burning wires.

When dawn came, the sun smote a world that gleamed and glittered blindingly. The drifts wavered and spouted in a roaring wind, but the sky was blue as vitriol. An operator had his "home" in a little sheet-iron hut at the western mouth of Crooked Tunnel. Tests showed that, of the four wires, three were down and dead; the dispatcher's string still held and was working. Thole, at Parker's Bend, after a night that seemed to freeze his brain and heart, got a message from Phillie which read, "I am on the Limited," and he suddenly walked the floor in warmth.

Down at Braggers all west-bound trains were held, save a plow from the east which was attempting the Pass. Three freights were buried on the division, but luckily their engines had died on sidings. At Brule Point, the dispatcher's office, thirty miles west of Thole's station, the Eastern Mail was held, and at dawn a plow was sent east in its stead, driven by four engines. The Limited, not yet being twenty-four hours late, and still on modified rights, rolled out of Crooked Tunnel and began jamming her way westward with her coaches of half-frozen, half-starved, clamorous passengers.

"Let's get these wagons of crazy people to the pie counters at Brule or break the machines," Plucks had said to Banty, and Banty had blinked the greasy soot on his eye-lashes and gnawed a plug of tobacco.

"Sure," he replied; "the boys ahead here are like starved wolves, and my vest front is against my backbone. We'll bore a hole through if the stew kettles hang to the rails, never you fret."

They swept forward with snow gushing from in front of the head engine like spray. The plow, conducted by Dad Burke, came eastward with an outspread fan of leaping frost in front of it which sometimes rose fifty feet in the air and spanned the right of way. Inconceivable in power, these mighty rams rolled toward each other, roaring masses of hot iron and fire. Burke's plow had an order to run to Tuffle, twenty-six miles east of Parkers' Bend, regardless of the Limited; but the Limited, getting into more open ground, was faster than expected, and the dispatcher ca[illegible] her at Maiden Ridge, and gave h[illegible] order to meet the plow at Sayers, te[illegible] west of Tuffle. At the same time [illegible]led Thole and gave him an order to [illegible] plow for orders.

In a moment, almost, the situation was fraught with mortal peril. When Thole had repeated the hold order to the dispatcher and received the official O. K., he rose to drop the signal. But the apparatus was packed with snow and frozen solid. At the same instant he heard the tramp and bellowing of the plow's engines. In terror he wrenched at the signal lever, then, drawing back, threw himself against it. With a crash the lever broke.

For a moment he was stunned with the catastrophe; then he rushed out the door with some sort of insane notion of climbing to the signal. The platform was heaped with snow, and he floundered in it, crying out unconsciously and leaping wildly at the signal, which jutted from the eaves. But even while he leaped and struggled, the hurling ram went by, thundering and shaking the earth and burying him more deeply in the drift.

Grasping and yelling, he tore himself loose and got in beside the telegraph table. With fingers that shook on the key, he began telling the dispatcher the fearful situation. The official cut him short with two words—"My God!"—then began calling Maiden Ridge like mad. Maiden Ridge replied.

"Is the Limited still there?" the dispatcher asked.

"No; she has gone."

He began calling Tuffle. "Tn—tn—tn"—the dots and dashes zipped, but Tuffle could not be had; then he went after Sayers like lightning. Sayers answered, but before a word could be fashioned the wire broke and—the full horror was on.

Thole, standing white and trembling by his instruments in the Bend station, heard it all. He thrust in a ground plug; the wire was broken east. He turned and tore out through the doorway, and started like a wild man along the track eastward, following the great furrow left by the sweeping plow. If the dispatcher only had a wire to Tuffle or Sayers he could stop one or the other of the trains, now running on cross orders and rushing to meet between stations.

And Phillie was on the Limited! Oh, what thought or words would suffice to paint the havoc when the seven engines, driven by men blinded by hissing banners of up-flung snow, should hurl together!

He had his eyes on the dispatcher's wire as he ran. He did not heed his bursting heart, his stumbling feet, his throat that ached and seemed closing tight against the cold, but prayed without ceasing as he fled along the ties.

Nearly two miles east of the station he suddenly stopped. There was the break. On a curve, where the wire hung near the track, the plow had tossed a mass of snow upon it and snapped it. Thole paused but for an instant, then climbed into the tumbled drift and began furiously digging for the ends of the broken wire. Panting and eager, he brought them to light, but nothing would bring the ends together save block and tackle, shortened as they were by swinging downward from the poles to the ground. With but a moment's hesitation he twisted one end of the broken wire about his left hand, then lunged out and caught the other with his right, and, bending the wire in a hook about his fingers, hung between.

Booted in rubber and with the dry snow beneath him, he was wholly insulated from the earth, and his flesh, wet with the sweat of his fearful race, took the current from the main battery at Brule Point as if it were a gush of fire. His nerves were suddenly like burning wires, but he held fast, dizzy and half swooning from agony and exhaustion, with one supreme cry in heart and brain—Phillie and the Limited!

The dispatcher at Brule Point, hanging over the telegraph instruments and testing and adjusting in deadly anxiety, heard the circuit feebly close and the armature come back to the magnet. Weak as was the electric flow, he began wildly calling Tuffle. Tuffle, also anxiously testing his wire as the Limited approached, heard the feeble whisper of the armature. Turning the adjuster low and laying his ear almost against the relay, he heard his call faintly ticked. He eagerly answered and these words came back:

"Hold the Limited! For God's sake, hold the Limited!"

Broken and thin and fluctuating the message came, but repeated over and over, as it might be a dying cry out of Thole's laboring breast, through which the scorching current ran. When sure of the strange order's import, the Tuffle operator leaped up and whirled the red signal on, and the saving deed was done.

As the Limited, on a clear track, rolled down toward Parker's Bend, Phillie, peering through a spot that her breath had cleared in a frosted pane, suddenly screamed. Her eyes, looking for home, were the first to see her husband. They found him holding the wire closed, in a swoon from exhaustion and pain, and half buried in the snow as he hung with arms outspread between the wires, like one crucified.

It was Phillie's arms and love that warmed him back to life, and her eyes, splendid with tenderness, were the first that he saw above him when he rose out of darkness into the light of consciousness and joy.

The news of the feat spread beyond the limits of the middle division, and two weeks later Thole went down to Braggers—as superintendent's clerk, and ultimately from that to higher things in the company's service.

Note—The above remarkable story is printed here by permission of the publishers of the book, "Young Heroes of Wire and Rail," by Alvah Milton Kerr, the well-known writer of stories of railroad life. The book contains nineteen stories of great power and originality, dealing with heroism and perilous situations in American railroad work. The book contains 382 pages and is finely illustrated and beautifully made. If you wish to buy a book for a Christmas present that will thrill and fascinate the one to whom you present it, we advise you to send for the volume. Price, $1.00 at book stores; $1.10, pastage paid, from publishers. Address Lee & Shepard, 202 Devonshire street, Boston, Mass.

DR. SHOOP'S

Rheumatic Cure

Costs Nothing if It Fails.

Any honest person who suffers from Rheumatism is welcome to this offer. For years I searched everywhere to find a specific for Rheumatism. For nearly 20 years I worked to this end. At last, in Germany, my search was rewarded. I found a costly chemical that did not disappoint me as other Rheumatic prescriptions had disappointed physicians everywhere.

I do not mean that Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure can turn bony joints into flesh again. That is impossible. But it will drive from the blood the poison that causes pain and swelling, and then that is the end of Rheumatism. I know this so well that I will furnish for a full month my Rheumatic Cure on trial. I cannot cure all cases within a month. It would be unreasonable to expect that. But most cases will yield within 30 days. This trial treatment will convince you that Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure is a power against Rheumatism—a potent force against disease, that is irresistible.

My offer is made to convince you of my faith. My faith is but the outcome of experience—of actual knowledge. I KNOW what it can do. And I know this so well that I will furnish my remedy on trial. Simply write me a postal for my book on Rheumatism. I will then arrange with a druggist in your vicinity so that you can secure six bottles of Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure to make the test. You may take it a full month on trial. If it succeeds, the cost to you is $5.50. If it fails, the loss is mine and mine alone. It will be left entirely to you. I mean that exactly. If you say the trial is not satisfactory I don't expect a penny from you.

I have no samples. Any mere sample that can affect chronic Rheumatism must be drugged to the verge of danger. I use no such drugs, for it is dangerous to take them. You must get the disease out of the blood. My remedy does that even in the most difficult, obstinate cases. It has cured the oldest cases that I ever met, and in all of my experience, in all of my 2,000 tests, I never found another remedy that would cure one chronic case in ten.

Write me and I will send you the book. Try my remedy for a month, for it can't harm you anyway. If it fails the loss is mine.

Address Dr. Shoop, Box 502, Racine, Wis.

Mild cases not chronic are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

ABOUT FEAR.

Often Comes From Lack of Right Food.

Napoleon said that the best fed soldiers were his best soldiers, for fear and nervousness come quickly when the stomach is not nourished. Nervous fear is a sure sign that the body is not supplied with the right food.

A Connecticut lady says: "For many years I had been a sufferer from indigestion and heart trouble and in almost constant fear of sudden death, the most acute suffering possible. Dieting brought on weakness, emaciation and nervous exhaustion and I was a complete wreck physically and almost a wreck mentally.

"I tried many foods but could not avoid the terrible nausea followed by vomiting that came after eating until I tried Grape-Nuts. This food agreed with my palate and stomach from the start. This was about a year ago. Steadily and surely a change from sickness to health came until now I have no symptoms of dyspepsia and can walk 10 miles a day without being greatly fatigued. I have not taken a drop of medicine since I began the use of Grape-Nuts and people say I look many years younger than I really am.

"My poor old sick body has been made over and I feel as though my head has been, too. Life is worth living now and I expect to enjoy it for many years to come if I can keep away from bad foods and have Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

The Value of a Sermon.

Cyrus Townsend Brady, when in the West as a young clergyman, met a negro Methodist circuit preacher whose district also covered a vast expanse of territory, and who, in consequence, was able to use a sermon a long time, so many different communities did he visit on his rounds. He had gone about three-fourths of the way around on one occasion when, coming from his church after the service, he encountered an old negro, who, hat in hand, approached and said:

"Dat's mighty fine sermon, sah, ob yoh's. Ah likes it ebery time Ah hears it. Seems we cross each other's track putty of'n, sah, fo' to-day makes de seventh bles't time Ahse hear yo, preach it. Ah'm a bit uv a preacher myse'f, sah; an' Ah wants ter say dat when yo' gits fru' wid dat sermon, Ah's ready to buy it, sah. Ought ter last a long time yet, sah: it am such good stuff. 'Deed, sah, Ahse willin' ter gib yo' four bits now jus' to bin' th' bahgi'n, sah."

JOHNNIE'S HISTORY LESSON.

BY NIXON WATERMAN.

I think, of all the things at school
 A boy has got to do,
That studyin' hist'ry, as a rule,
 Is worst of all, don't you?
Of dates there are an awful sight,
An' though I study day an' night,
There's only one I've got just right—
 That's fourteen ninety-two.

Columbus crossed the Delaware
 In fourteen ninety-two;
We whipped the British, fair an' square,
 In fourteen ninety-two.
At Concord an' at Lexington
We kept the red-coats on the run
While the band played Johnny Get Your Gun,
 In fourteen ninety-two.

Pat Henry, with his dyin' breath—
 In fourteen ninety-two—
Said, "Gimme liberty or death!"
 In fourteen ninety-two.
An' Barbara Frietchie, so 'tis said,
Cried, "Shoot if you must this old gray head,
But I'd rather 'twould be your own instead!"
 In fourteen ninety-two.

The Pilgrims came to Plymouth Rock
 In fourteen ninety-two,
An' the Indians standin' on the dock
 Asked, "What are we going to do?"
An' they said, "We seek your harbor drear
That our children's children's children dear
May boast that their forefathers landed here

Miss Pocahontas saved the life,
 In fourteen ninety-two,
Of John Smith, an' became his wife
 In fourteen ninety-two.
An' the Smith tribe started then an' there,
An' now there are John Smiths everywhere,
But they didn't have any Smiths to spare
 In fourteen ninety-two.

Kentucky was settled by Daniel Boone
 In fourteen ninety-two.
An' I think the cow jumped over the moon
 In fourteen ninety-two.
Ben Franklin flew his kite so high
He drew the lightnin' from the sky,
An' Washington couldn't tell a lie
 In fourteen ninety-two.

Mrs. Plumstead's Dream.

BY HELENA DIXON.

Mrs. Plumstead was a nervous, fidgety little body, always borrowing trouble about something which she was sure was going to happen, or else elated over the prospect of some good luck that she was equally as certain was about to visit her.

Although Mrs. Plumstead lived in this twentieth century, and though her lot had been cast among people of intelligence, a great deal of the superstition of past ages had found firm lodgment in her mind.

If she broke a mirror, the accident was considered a sure harbinger of coming evil. If she saw the new moon first over her left shoulder nothing but disappointment and petty annoyances was looked for that month. If a bird flew into the house and out again before it could be caught, death was coming to the house within the year; but if, on the contrary, the bird could be secured, her heart was to be gladdened by the speedy arrival of some relative or friend from a distance. If Mrs. Plumstead dropped a fork or a pair of scissors, and they stuck upward in the floor, or if the rooster came before the door to crow, or two chairs were accidentally placed so that their backs came in contact, or if the good dame chanced to drop her dishcloth, company was expected and prepared for, and Mrs. Plumstead averred that no matter how great a quantity of cakes and tarts she baked after one of these "sure signs," she never had them spoil for want of help to eat them.

Then Mrs. Plumstead would never put a comb or a brush to her head after dark, no matter what the occasion, for fear of "combing sorrow to her heart." If she inadvertently put a garment on wrong side out, she would on no account change it till night, for fear of some catastrophe which would assuredly follow. If she experienced a roaring sensation in one of her ears a funeral was looked for, and the particular auricle in which the sound was heard indicated the sex of the deceased individual. A loaf of bread coming from the oven with a crack reaching clear across it, denoted a death in the family or neighborhood, and was always beheld by the little woman with awe.

Then, too, Mrs. Plumstead was a firm "believer in dreams." She would always say, after the event: 'I knew it would be so. I foresaw it all as plain as day in my dreams." She never arose from the breakfast table without having recounted the many dreams with which she had been favored or frightened—according as they were good or evil presage—during the night. But on Sunday morning only the more pleasant of her dreams were related, as Mrs. Plumstead firmly believed that

"Saturday dream and Sunday told
 Will come to pass ere it's nine days old,"

and wisely withheld all she did not wish realized.

As a general thing Mrs. Plumstead's dreams were of a happiness presaging character. She was seldom troubled in sleep by anything more formidable than snakes, but as they answered to so many enemies, she nearly always contrived not to awake until she had killed the last one, and that thought always afforded her a deal of satisfaction in her wakeful hours.

But one night Mrs. Plumstead awoke in a cold sweat. "Such a horrid, horrid dream!" murmured she, as she turned from side to side, and covered her face with the counterpane to keep out the alarming visions.

"Oh, if I only dare wake John and tell him. But I mustn't. It would be all the more certain to come true, told before the sun rises. Oh, my poor children! Oh, my dear husband, what will become of you when I am taken from you?"

The lark was no sooner astir than Mrs. Plumstead was up and dressed. Never before had she risen with so doleful a countenance. She went about her morning duties with a quiet, subdued mien entirely new to her.

"What on earth ails you, mother? You look as though you had lost your best friend," remarked her husband, as he came in for his breakfast.

Mrs. Plumstead turned her heavy eyes to where her children were seated.

"The poor dears, must they lose their best friend, their mother? Oh, John," and the little woman sat down and burst into tears.

"You have had a dream?" said John, who out of respect for his wife, had come to regard her whims with toleration if nothing more.

"Yes, John."

"Well, let's hear it. Was it the seven-headed dragon again?"

"You know I killed the dragon, John. I never worried about that. But this was different—a very peculiar dream. My days are surely numbered."

"And what is the number?" inquired John, dryly, for though his wife's distress troubled him, he thought best, in order to quiet her feelings, to show as little concern as possible.

"Just three months from today, on the tenth of June, my poor children will be——"

He[illegible]. Plumstead broke down and gave [illegible] another violent fit of weeping, occas[illegible] clasping her children in her arms, [illegible]gain embracing her husband as if for the last time on earth. At length she recovered sufficient composure to relate the dream which was the source of her grief.

"I thought I was walking by a great dark river, John. Oh, how dark and cold it seemed! While I walked along I saw many of our friends and acquaintances approach and pass through the gurgling water to the shore beyond. As I stood there gazing after them there arose out of the river a monstrous creature. Oh, John, it was too horrible to be described. It had eyes like fire, and the horns on its head were like great swords. As I gazed at it, it came slowly toward me, and as it did so, it changed into a great white horse—the type of death, you know, John—and on the horse was a skeleton rider, which beckoned to me with its bony hands, and somehow I could not resist its call. As we drew near together I saw that a tongue of fire was in the skeleton's mouth, and I heard the fleshless lips pronounce my doom: 'Just three months must pass away, and then I will come for you! You must pass with me over the river! Prepare for my coming, and remember the tenth of June!"

Quite a terrific dream, truly, but if Mrs. Plumstead had reflected on the quantity of apple dumpling and mince pie which had disappeared from her plate the previous night, she might have found a different interpretation to her dream.

Days and weeks went by, and Mrs. Plumsted's plump form dwindled almost to a shadow. She tried to seem cheerful and resigned, was overindulgent to her children, and anticipated her husband's slightest wish, that her dear ones might remember her with the more love when she was gone. Mrs. Haines, a widowed sister, came to live with her to cheer her up, and, if possible, make her forget her dream and its terrible import.

Friends and neighbors were with the unhappy woman almost constantly. Some did their best to reason her out of the belief which possessed her. Others were sure that the dream meant something, and were profuse in their words of sympathy, promising to care for the little ones so soon to be left motherless. Among this latter class was Jemima Jenkins, an old maid, and the first love of John Plumstead. Not a day passed but Jemima was with Mrs. Plumstead urging her to be reconciled to her fate, and offering little attentions to John, "because," as she said, "poor dear Mrs. Plumstead was in such a sad way as to be unfitted for the care of her husband and children."

Jemima's kindness soon became a new source of trouble to Mrs. Plumstead.

"I see through it all," she would say to her sister. "She means to marry John, and, no doubt, before I am cold in my grave she will be installed in my place."

April had passed and May was almost gone, when one day Mrs. Plumstead sat in the midst of half a score of sympathizing neighbors, including Jemima Jenkins, who was holding the youngest child on her lap, calling him endearing names and telling him he was a "handsome fellow, the very image of his pa, who, poor fellow, would soon have the sole care of his helpless little ones."

Mrs. Plumstead had become too used to such remarks as these, and her mind was too much engrossed with less worldly thoughts to pay much heed to them; but her husband set his lips together in a very decided manner, and Miss Jemima, mistaking the reason and supposing he was not yet wholly resigned to what was so soon to be, read him a homily on "the folly of the will of man rebelling against the decrees of Heaven."

"The tenth of June comes on Wednesday, I think you said?" and Mrs. Plumstead turned her white face toward her husband's chair.

"Yes; the tenth of June will come on that day—next year."

This last was added in an undertone.

"Just a week from the day after tomorrow, then," said Jemima, quickly; "but I thought it came sooner, though our almanac has been missing for some time, so I could not be positive. But where is yours? I will get it and make sure."

Mr. Plumstead seemed not to hear Jemima's question. Perhaps he did not wish to say that, for a certain reason, he had hidden the book.

Jemima searched for the almanac, but failing to find it, she took a seat beside Mrs. Plumstead and put her handkerchief to her washed-out eyes, saying, almost incoherently:

"Only a week from Wednesday. Must we indeed be deprived of your sweet society so soon?"

The day preceding the dreaded Wednesday arrived, and Mrs. Plumstead, feeling that it was to be her last day in the body, did her best to seem cheerful and resigned. She gave directions concerning the conduct of her funeral, and expressed several wishes concerning her children with calmness.

Her husband remained with her throughout the day and watched her with palpable anxiety.

The next morning Mrs. Plumstead, pale as the dead even then, declared that she could not rise from her bed, that she should never leave it alive, and requested John to send at once for her pastor.

"No, no, my little wife. The minister may call on us as soon as he pleases, and be welcome; but we won't send for him this morning. Get up; I have a horse and carriage waiting for you. I am going to drive you over to mother's. It will do you a world of good."

"Oh, John, John, can you trifle with me thus in my last moments?"

"I think you said those moments were to come on the tenth," said John, smilingly.

"Of course, you know that, John, and yet you mock me. But it is all Jemima's doings. She has turned your heart from your dying wife." And Mrs. Plumstead began to sob and gasp convulsively.

"See here, Mary, yesterday was the tenth, and as you are alive and well as usual today, which is certainly the eleventh of June, I conclude you will be spared to us a little longer."

Mrs. Plumstead hardly dared credit her husband's words, for fear he was wilfully deceiving her, so he produced the almanac and pointed to the day. Then, woman fashion, she began to upbraid him for telling her a falsehood.

"My purpose must make palliation for my sin. Here you were unable to sit up this morning, and, had I not told you what I have, I verily believe your imagination would have helped you out of the world before night. Besides, I said that the tenth of June would come on Wednesday next year. Perhaps you did not hear me, but I certainly said it, and I hope my little wife will live to see it, with many returns of the day."

And she did.

Big Game.

Major Powell-Cotton tells the following story of his recent explorations in Africa: "We heard elephants feeding in a thick bamboo clump. I took only one gun-bearer with me to work toward them and I saw a group of three or four; but as they were all cows we retraced our steps without disturbing them. A little further on we could hear another beast feeding, and, thinking it might be a bull—for these often feed apart from the cows—we picked our way along an old elephant path. The fallen bamboos and the litter of leaves on the ground made it difficult to do this silently. The beast stopped feeding; there was a moment's pause, and I could hear the crashing of the bamboos as the animal charged toward us, screaming loudly. It was impossible to tell exactly the point where it would appear, for, of course, the dense bamboo completely hid it from view. It was equally hopeless to turn to run, for even along the path we had come the interlaced bamboos would have tripped one up at once; so, signing to the gun-bearer to stand silently behind me, I held my double-barreled gun in readiness. As the elephant's head appeared through the bamboos almost facing me, with trunk uplifted and ears sticking straight out, I raised my rifle and fired both barrels in quick succession, aiming through the trunk for the frontal shot. Immediately after I turned to flee, tripped and measured my length on the ground, but had the satisfaction of hearing a mighty crash behind me as the elephant fell."

Sir Samuel Baker once had a thrilling adventure with an African buffalo bull which he discovered standing in the shallows of a small lake. He fired two bullets without effect and the animal left, but, luckily, the bull halted to stare at him. "Suddenly a bright thought flashed through my mind," says Baker. "Without taking my eye off the animal before me, I put a double charge of powder into the right-hand barrel, and tearing off a piece of my shirt, I took all the money from my pouch, three shillings in sixpences and two anna pieces. Making them into a rouleau with the pieces of rag, I rammed them down the barrel. They were hardly home before the bull sprang forward. The horns were lowered with their points on either side of me and the muzzle barely touching his forehead when I pulled the trigger and three shillings' worth of small change rattled into his hard head. Down he went and rolled over with the suddenly checked momentum of his charge."

Gordon Cumming was perhaps the first to discover the effect of the human voice upon wild animals. On one occasion he had a lioness in full retreat before him. He called loudly to her, whereupon she squatted like a huge dog and permitted him to approach. In a similar venture he checked the charge of a lioness by yelling at her and continued to do so, while she remained perplexedly sniffing the ground and allowed him to escape.

Dinkelspieler's Sayings.

BY GEORGE V. HOBART.

Luff is not plind, und uf you doan'd belief me look ad der neckties some vimmen buy deir huspands, yet.

Some men vas born liars and some udders vas nod, bud dey do der besd dey can to make peoples dink so.

Reform is a vord vich der politicians borrow undil afder election, den dey pud id back in der tictionary.

A vise man mit a fountain pen builds on in silence, bud der fool mit a lead pencil gets der loud applause.

Der true meaning uf politics is vare a man geds id—somedimes in der neck, somedimes in der bank.

Der vorld owes efery man a lifing, bud vot a lot of men vas too lazy to collect der bill!

Vinter has a terrible woice, bud only der poor efer hear id because dey vas forced to listen.

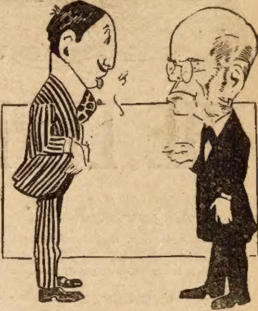
Money cannot buy happiness, bud eferybody is villing to make der eggsperiment.

Der automobustum goes fast, bud sooner or later comes der ambulance hehind id.

Our doctor says that patience is a wirtue seldom found in patients.

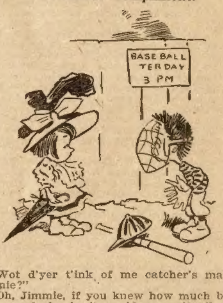
Viskey tickles der appetite until der wictim dies laughing at himself!

As It Seemed to Him.



Eminent M. D.—Sir, your tongue is coated.
Patient—Gee! I thought it was tarred and feathered.

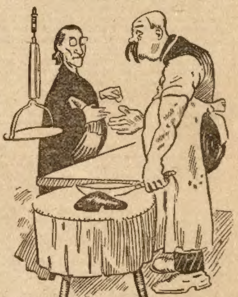
A Doubtful Compliment.



"Wot d'yer t'ink of me catcher's mask, Jennie?"

"Oh, Jimmie, if you knew how much better you looks in it you'd wear it all the time."

Common Phrases.



"Taking something for the liver."

Usually the Case.

"Ever notice it?" queried the man who asks questions on the installment plan.

"Did I ever notice what?" asked the party of the other part.

"That about the time a man gets ready to lay up something for a rainy day it begins to rain?" continued he of the prelude.

FREE
A NEW CURE FOR
KIDNEY and BLADDER
Diseases, Rheumatism, etc.

Disorders of the Kidneys and Bladder cause Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Gravel, Pain in the Back, Bladder Disorders, difficult or too frequent passing of water, Dropsy, etc. For these diseases a Positive Specific Cure is found in a new botanical discovery, the wonderful Kava-Kava Shrub, called by botanists, the piper methysticum, from the Ganges River, East India. It has the extraordinary record of 1,200 hospital cures in 30 days. It acts directly on the Kidneys, and cures by draining out of the Blood the poisonous Uric Acid, Lithates, etc., which cause the disease.

Rev. John H. Watson, testifies in the New York World, that it has saved him from the edge of the grave when dying of Kidney disease and terrible suffering when passing water. Mr. Calvin G. Bliss, North Brookfield, Mass., testifies to his cure of long standing Rheumatism. Mr. Jos. Whitten, of Wolfboro, N. H., at the age of eighty-five, writes of his cure of Dropsy and swelling of the feet, Kidney disorder and Urinary difficulty. Many ladies, including Mrs. C. C. Fowler, Locktown, N. J., and Mrs. Sarah Tharp, Montclair, Ind., also testify to its wonderful curative power in Kidney and allied disorders peculiar to womanhood.

That you may test the value of this great discovery we will send you by mail Free, One Large Case and our book of 1000 testimonials, only asking that when cured yourself you will recommend this sure specific to others. Address, The Church Kidney Cure Co., 484 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

THE LEPER'S FATE; Or, A Tragedy in High Life.

By HELENA BALLARD WHITE.

(Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.)

Begun in No. 49, Dec. 5. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER III.

A wild-looking creature sat on the floor, nude; a tangled mass of hair hung over the shoulders to the waist; the eyes stared like burning coals at the intruder, and snapping its white teeth together and emitting a sound much like the growling of a ferocious dog, it skipped on its hands and feet to a corner of the room where there was a nest of rags.

Justin stood rooted to the spot, white and staring. For fully five minutes he silently gazed upon the snapping, snarling, creature. The fearful paralyzing sound quite unmanned him. Finally he took courage and approached, and as he did so, the strange-looking creature crouched farther in the corner and shook with the terror that filled its eyes. In the semi-darkness the glitter of the bright, fiery eyes, and the gleam of the white, snapping teeth was greatly intensified.

"It is hard to tell who is the most frightened," said Justin, once again finding his voice. "Come, don't be alarmed. I am your friend," he said, smiling, as he put out his hand.

At this the creature burrowed in the rags and partially hid its head, shaking as with a chill.

"Harmless, evidently, since it shows such cowardice. What is it—a human being? I believe on my soul it is. My God! what mystery is this? Or is it a crime? Now that I can see better, it looks like a child, some ten or twelve years old—a beast and savage combined. Come, let's make friends," he said, taking a pear from his pocket and holding it out temptingly. But the terrified creature, half human, half animal, only shrank back in greater fear.

"Perhaps it doesn't know that this is something to eat. I will bite into it." This he did, then again held it forth. As he did so, the child, for such it was, stood on her feet and whined like a dog for the fruit. It put out its grimy, black little hand and Justin placed the pear in it, and the fruit was greedily devoured. He patted the tangled pate and talked coaxingly the while. At this the poor creature fawned upon him, and putting out its tongue, licked his hand. It stood now directly under the skylight, and Justin discovered that what he took for a mulatto skin was really that of the Caucasian, smooth as ivory, but coated with dirt. Here and there, on the back of the hand, and on the forearm, was a white spot, where the dirt had evidently been licked away.

He looked about the room. There was no sign of food, but a small pan of water rested on the floor near the door, and to this the child now crawled, lapping the water, like any beast.

He was profoundly moved, and stood wrapped in thought until disturbed by a rap at the outer door.

He quickly answered the summons, his companion following on all fours and looking eagerly at the slide in the door.

"Just a few words, Mr. Justin," whispered the maid. "You paid no heed to my warning. You still courted the Boston girl. It is reported among the servants that you are to marry her this Fall. I concluded that the wedding had best not take place. Understand? I hope you will like your new quarters and companion. You will find her very gentle, though perhaps not quite so interesting as your Eastern friend."

"And perhaps more; but, Annette, for God's sake, quit your jesting. Open the door and tell me what this all means. What or who is this wild creature? How did it come here, and from where?"

"You are inquiring into star chamber secrets, Mr. Justin. But since you are powerless to reveal anything, you might as well know. You have never been told, I suppose, that the young widow who was enamored of and enriched the doctor, left a babe. The miserable brat stood between him and a million dollars. The thought of possessing it set the doctor's brain to whirling. He is prejudiced, or rather afraid, to take human life, so he concluded to rid himself of the detested infant in some other way. Learning of this secret chamber, he conceived the plan of locking it within these walls, where it was not to hear a human voice or come in contact with any human being. The natural result, at this age, would be for it to become as the animal and know even less. Being such, it could tell no tales. For the small sum of twenty thousand, I am supposed to guard his secret and attend to its few wants. A pan of water occasionally, with some bread or meal would be sufficient nourishment, he said. In the kindness of my heart, though, I have given it good meals all along. You will see that she is plump and healthy. I am cruel enough for all human needs, but, you see, your beloved and much respected relative goes me one better in crime. Instead of turning the thing into the woods, as he at first intended, he concluded to keep it for scientific study. Once a year it is led from the rooms here to one in front for his majesty's inspection. You see, its mind is as vacant as Fido's. Fido I let in to keep it company very often, as the doctor directed, and anything that it knows it has Fido to thank for. It barks and growls beautifully, you will observe, and walks on all fours, like any canine. I shouldn't wonder, say in thirty or forty years from now, that you, being imprisoned here, will degenerate into something of the ape or dog yourself. That won't require any great effort, you know. There is no possible escape. Now, do you think you will ever trifle with another woman's affections? And do you still care nothing about my threats?"

"She-devil! monster! fiend!" roared the imprisoned man. "You and the doctor should be cut into strips for this horrible deed! I say, unlock this door or I'll break it down!"

"As well try to break through one of the great boulders outside. The prison is a safe one, you will find. It has been tested from every crevice. I shall be a kind jailer, however. You need some bedding. I will remove the iron grating from the skylight in the third room and throw down some blankets. I shall also be kind enough to fetch you some dinner pretty soon. Zoe, as we call the monkey inside, will be getting hungry, and perhaps your appetite is whetted a bit, since forbidden fruits always enliven the salivary glands. I shall give you good meals, for Zoe is used to them. You think this a great mystery, but the doctor has another secret beside, quite as interesting."

"What is it, Annette?"

"Oh, what I know will keep, Mr. Justin. However, if you are penitent and obedient and quit calling names, and learn to look up to your betters, I may tell it to you some day."

"How are you to account for my absence, Annette?"

"You need not bother about that, since I can explain it all in a natural way to the doctor. It is fortunate for me that you two quarreled this morning. That will be a good excuse for your leaving so unceremoniously. Do not entertain any fear that he will pay you a visit here in the pen, for he is leaving for the Western Coast within a few days. He has wearied of his guests and is going to leave upon receipt of a telegram. I am of the opinion that he quarreled with the Boston woman. They have had a lover's quarrel. That is why he is so surly of late. She is packing her traps at this moment to leave. Poor, dear Isabel, too, it will probably upset her a bit for her lover not to put in an appearance before she goes. She is wildly in love with the doctor's handsome nephew, so they say, and so any fool can see. Be good to Zoe, she will not harm you. Is there anything more that I can do?"

"Go to the devil!" was the answer that came to the maid's ear, as she slammed to and locked the heavy door beyond the grating.

"Great God! What devil incarnate conceived this hideous plot! Who would have supposed my uncle capable of such a crime! It is much too terrible to realize! All for gold—all gold, was it done! Then greed of gain! What crimes it engenders! Self-respect, honor, the world's esteem, all that is ennobling, must be sacrificed! I wonder if he can be really happy with this vision ever before him? I should think it would make him a madman. It is almost doing that to me. Well, I shouldn't like to pay the price that he must pay for this piece of work."

As he turned, his eye fell upon the girl again crawling away to her nest of rags and filth.

"For the love of Christ! get up off your hands and knees, girl! Stand up, I say! You are a human being, not a beast! Yes; this is true in a sense, only. The beauty of the human form and face alone marks the distinction. Notwithstanding her environment and bestial tendencies, it is dead certain she is a remarkably beautiful child. But the face—what a blank! Only when the eyes shoot fire through fear and anger can one see a gleam of intelligence. I wonder if she is really unteachable? It seems she might be trained as one would train an animal, at least. She certainly can be taught to stand erect and talk, instead of barking and growling like a common cur. If I have got to be her room-mate there is one thing certain, I've got to teach her to keep off her hands. It is more than human sight can bear! It makes my blood run through my veins like a stream from the glaciers!"

Passing to the better lighted room, he picked up the ragged shawl and turning to the child who had followed him, he tenderly wound it round her body and tied it in a knot behind. Then he endeavored to make her understand that she was not to get down on her hands, and leading her to a wooden bench, forced her to sit upon it as a human being should, but when she started from it to follow him about she was instantly down on all fours. For some time he worked with the poor unfortunate to have her stand on her feet, when she rose from the bench, and by petting, scolding and coaxing, after an hour's time he succeeded in making her partially understand.

But though she now stood erect, as he commanded, she could not walk. She must be trained to step. That would take time. To test her observation, he showed her his watch and let her handle it. He was surprised to see her at once raise the valuable timepiece to her mouth and try to bite into it.

"Something to eat—h'm, to sleep and to eat are your two desires. Like the brute in that—yes; and a few human pigs as well."

Taking the watch from her [illegible], to which she clung feebly, for she [illegible]ttle physical strength, he sat study[illegible]r for some time, then said, abstract[illegible] can see through the dirt and grime [illegible]ong, dark summers or so, that you a[illegible] beauty, Zoe. I wonder if I couldn't coax Annette to clean you up some—give you a bath and put on a dress of some sort. I see my policy is to cajole and flatter that she-devil or I am apt to end my days in this dungeon and become as she predicts, much like my companion here. Poor thing! Poor unfortunate wretch! I wonder if there is not some way to speedily escape and air this crime! I must see!"

After sounding the solid walls as far as he could reach by standing on the bench, he tried the heavy barred door.

"Everything is as secure as Sing Sing," he said, very despondently.

Air was admitted by tubes, and light from the small opening in the roof no larger than a man's head. "Certainly it would not admit the shoulders, even though the grating covering it could be forced," said the imprisoned man, as he looked up at the high ceiling. "Clearly, my future now depends upon using my wits against the maid's. It will take a little time to coax her into a good humor, for she is as vicious as a rattlesnake! A good tool for the doctor to select as an accomplice in this hellish plot!"

While indulging these reflections, Zoe had crept to the nest of rags and fallen asleep.

"She sleeps as does the ordinary human, at least—better than most, since she doesn't curl up. That comes from her early training in the cradle, I suppose. She could have been scarcely a year old when placed here. Taken from a featherdown nest with silken coverlets, stripped of fine laces and cambrics, and flung naked on the bare floor of this dungeon! Ye gods! what a hideous—what an unforgettable crime!"

As his sympathy went out and his heart warmed toward the poor innocent, he walked over to where she slept. He looked pityingly down upon her for some time. "I shall right your wrong, poor child," he murmured, and a tear glistened in his eye as he turned away.

Again, hearing a noise at the outer door, he hastened to it. The slide flew back and Annette whispered: "I have brought you some supper." Then the heavy iron door swung open, and she stood before the bars with a well-filled tray.

"I suppose I can get these things in between the bars," she said, as she slipped a knife and fork to him. "You see, I am generous, Mr. Justin; I am giving you a chance to cut your throat. What I cannot pass through, must go back. Here, take this platter and I will put some fish on it."

"Upon my life, but you are a good girl, Annette. I shall have quite a feast! Now, if you had just brought some sherry, a cigar or two, and some napkins——"

"It strikes me, Mr. Justin, that you are giving yourself great airs for a jail-bird."

"Well, you see, I have got to come down gradually, Annette, or my constitution might suffer. Run and get them, that's a dear, and bring the evening paper. I have some money about me somewhere; I'll tip you liberally."

"Give me the tip first, Mr. Smoothtongue; I see that you've changed your usual form of address, from a wretch, a fool, a jade, and the like, to my dear. So you will learn how to address me from now on."

At this sally, Justin laughed good-naturedly, as though much amused at her cleverness, but at heart he felt like an angry Othello. Taking five dollars from among a roll of bills, he handed it to her.

"Here, this is a tonic for your weak spot, Annette; now bring me one for my spirits."

Snatching eagerly at the bill, the maid chuckled low and hurried away.

In a very short time she returned with several flat flasks and pushed them through the bars. "Wine for your lordship and milk for Zoe. Drink and be merry," she said, mockingly, "for tomorrow——"

"Right you are, Annette. This knife may do the work tonight. But first, Zoe, I shall have a feast. I wish you might join us. But, for the love of Heaven, do bring a wrapper or a dress of some sort for my companion to put on, and some soap and water. Won't you do this, Annette?"

"No; it's against the doctor's orders. A bath once a month is all that is allowed."

"Once a month! Ye gods of Greece! Has she had one in a lifetime? I would not have suspicioned it!"

"Since I have come to think of it, I believe tomorrow is her baptismal day. In the closet off the second room is a bath for the princess. I shall give you the key to unlock the door. She will do the rest. I had to lash her good to teach her this. The docter does not know. He ordered me to scrub the animal once a month, and as I did not particularly like the job, I taught her to do this much for herself. You should see her lick her arms and admire herself and frolic after a bath. I quite admire her myself, and as I look upon her often feel a twinge of conscience."

"Oh, you are not so bad, Annette. I think you must have a pretty good heart, which you are trying to harden," said Justin, subtly, then chided himself for his fabrication. "I must reach her in some way, though," as he lifted a flask to his lips. "I am glad that she is so vain a creature—vanity is a responsive instrument to play upon——"

"Aren't you going to waken Zoe and give her some supper, Mr. Justin?"

"I have concluded to let her sleep on and dine alone this evening, Annette; I shall wait until mademoiselle has a bath and proper clothing before I invite her to banquet with me."

"I suppose you would be making love to her if she were a few years older."

Justin thought it wise to laugh at this remark, then affecting a seriousness, he replied:

"That is a thing of which I was never guilty of doing with any woman. I came nearer falling in love with you than any one. However, you spoiled everything by precipitancy. You have heard it said, no doubt, that when a woman throws herself at a man's head, she generally finds herself at his feet. Had you left me to do the proposing, Annette, you might now be my honored wife, enjoying these luxurious apartments with me, or others a trifle richer in appearance, perhaps. Isn't there some way of pumping more air in here? This atmosphere isn't as pure as I am accustomed to breathe. I fear it may bring on lung trouble and a hemorrhage."

Glancing up, he was pleased to see a serious expression on the maid's face.

"Yes; that can be done," she answered, after a moment's silence. "You can have more air, but what a liar you are, Justin Holbrook!"

"And a candle, Annette. I must read the paper. What good can it do me in this dark hole. Night must be falling; it is growing as black as Hades in here!"

"You might set the mansion on fire."

"Pshaw! You talk with little wisdom, Annette. A lively blaze could be kindled of solid stone, I suppose. Come, bring some candles and periodicals. And, Annette, my dear, find Huxley and Darwin in the library and bring the books to me, also; it will mean another five."

"You talk as though I had no grudge against you, Justin Holbrook—as though I were the best friend that you had in the world."

"And so you are at present—my best, as well as my worst—my only friend. Great Jupiter! haven't you had your revenge, girl? Isn't life imprisonment enough to satisfy you? Come, at least treat me like a star boarder of Sing Sing. You are not so vicious as to want to be shooting away when you have winged your game! Give your better nature a chance, Annette, or I shall not care for you in the least."

"You don't, anyhow. You talked to me as though I were not one bit better than Molly, the scullery maid."

"I was angry, Annette. We all say things when provoked that we afterwards have cause to regret."

"Wait until I fetch the candles, and, yes, I'll bring the books; but I want to tell you, Justin Holbrook, that I do not believe one word of what you are telling me. I shall listen, though, to what you have to say."

NO MARKS ON PACKAGE TO INDICATE CONTENTS

FREE WHISKEY

FOR MEDICINE THE REASON WE SAY IT'S FOR MEDICINE IS BECAUSE IT'S PURE

DIRECT FROM A UNITED STATES REGISTERED DISTILLER TO CONSUMER.

Send us your order for four full quarts of ten-year-old Rye for **$3.15, express prepaid,** and we will send you, **free of charge,** two sample bottles—one twelve, one fifteen-year-old—Rye, a corkscrew and a gold-tipped whiskey glass. We make this offer simply to get you to try the goods. **We also have this same brand eight years old, which we will dispose of at $2.50 per gallon,** in lots of two or more gallons at one shipment. We also give sample bottles, glass and corkscrew with these goods. All our goods are put up in full quart bottles, and sent express prepaid. If goods are not satisfactory, return them at our expense and we will **refund your money.** It is almost impossible to get pure whiskey from dealers. These goods are shipped direct from the Distilling Co., which guarantees their purity and saves middleman's profit. **The entire product of "Our Registered Distillery," the merit of which has gained it a national reputation, is sold direct to the consumer. REFERENCES:** Any Express Company.

NOTE.—Orders from Ariz., Colo., Cal., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., Fla., must call for twenty quarts prepaid.

KELLERSTRASS DISTILLING CO.

1620 KELLERSTRASS BLOCK, KANSAS CITY, MO.

Capital $500,000, fully paid in.

The above firm are sole owners of Registered Distillery No. 22 of the Sixth District of Missouri. When writing please mention The Chicago Ledger.

CHAPTER IV.

By the time she had returned with the candles, Justin had finished his repast and went to waken Zoe. She jumped up quickly at the sight of her pan of food, but Justin held it away, and making her stand erect, backed out of the room, trying to compel her to follow on her feet alone. She seemed not to know how to take a step, however, and placing the pan on the bench, he went to her side, and after many attempts and much coaxing, succeeded in making her take a few steps toward the dish.

Delighted with his success and leaving her to greedily devour a hearty meal, he returned to the door, and waited anxiously for the maid's appearance. She was gone for some time, but when she returned he was pleased to see a dozen candles roll through the bars to the floor, with the books and magazines following.

"Vain, weak creature, I shall win you over yet," were the young man's thoughts as he stooped and took from the floor his luxuries.

"Thanks, Annette, how you do ingratiate yourself! After all, this isn't so bad! Do you know, I would much rather be here camping, stretched out on my blankets, reading Darwin, and studying this poor creature, than to spend my time in the drawing room as I have been for the last fortnight, thinking up agreeable things to say to the doctor's stupid guests, and dancing attendance to Miss Isabel."

"You do lie with so little conscience," said Annette, as she put her face close to the bars. "You are not so clever, Mr. Justin; I can see through you, just as I would a piece of gauze. You were never so happy as when dangling at the side of the Boston girl and her detestable mother. They are both hypocrites. The woman, with all her airs and graces, swore like a teamster when alone in her room, at both her maid and daughter. They were common folk if any ever lived. Yet; you would court them openly, and at the thought of marriage with a girl in my position, who is far better bred and has more sense than the two bunched together, you hold up your hands in horror and ridicule the idea as a thing preposterous. I am as much a lady as you ever met, Justin Holbrook, but you won't credit me with being so. I am a born lady, I would have you know!"

"A born devil!" was the comment, that came no further than the prisoner's lips.

"No doubt you were born one, Annette. To my way of thinking, most women are; but that you have degenerated, you must admit. To be an accomplice to a crime of this nature, shows absolute depravity."

"Yes; I know—I know this, Mr. Justin. But this revelation has only just come to you. I simply referred to my manners. It is hard to know what one is at heart or what secrets he may be hiding."

"Even though you are right in this, Annette, do you suppose I should care to marry a woman simply because she made a good appearance," said Justin, slyly. "You might do all right so far as manners, etc., but to try to buy me—to tempt me with your thousands—was an insult to my manhood. 'Tis strange that a woman of your intelligence cannot grasp this."

"Do you mean it? Was that the cause of your anger, Mr. Justin?"

"Why, of course; then one word brought on another, you know, and——"

"Yes; and caused you to laugh in derision and say that you would not marry me, were I worth twenty millions instead of twenty thousand, and heap all manner of insults upon me."

"Well, you can believe what it best pleases you to believe, Annette. It is all past now. We could have but little faith in each other after this misunderstanding. Had I been a millionaire instead of a beggarly youth, who had his way to fight in the world, all might have been different. I might have asked you to marry me and saved you the humiliation of a refusal to your proposition. It was, after all, the monetary side of the question that provoked the quarrel."

This was all said with such a tone of sincerity that Annette, who stood peeping through the bars, studied his expression closely. He was sitting on the bench near a large wooden box, which he had brought from a dusty corner, and upon which he had placed a lighted candle.

"I am going now," said the girl, after a few moments' silence. "Is there anything that I can do for you?"

"I thank you, Annette. I wouldn't mind having an armchair; but, of course, it wouldn't come through the bars, so the bench will have to answer."

"Good night," said the maid, very softly.

"Good night, Annette. I must go in and look after Zoe. I wonder if she is eating yet? There was enough food on that platter for several farm hands."

Peering into the adjoining room, he found that she had finished her meal and was down on all fours licking the pan.

As he entered, she started guiltily and hurriedly rose to her feet, where she stood trembling in evident fear.

"Ah! she understands. She already knows that I wish her to keep off her hands. He smiled and patted her head reassuringly, which act seemed to please her, but she was instantly down on her hands following him as he returned to the bench in the farther room.

Turning, he slapped her sharply on the bare shoulder, and she arose instantly. He was surprised to see real human tears in her eyes, as she howled with pain and tried to lick her shoulder.

"You have got to learn to walk! I can't stand this!"

After spending some time in trying to teach her to step, he finally succeeded, then walked away, and left her standing. She stood in mute obedience until he arranged the bench, then he returned and seated her upon one end of it. He gave her his keys to amuse herself with, and turned his attention to the paper that lay on the box beside the candle. It was a strange picture—the handsome college youth in his fashionable dress, sitting in the comfortless, bare room, on the hard bench, with the half human in its filth and rags by his side. In after years he often looked back upon the scene.

Reading, he soon found an impossibility. Too many thoughts occupied his mind, and he was constantly interrupted by his companion, who was attracted to the lighted candle, and to keep her from putting her face and fingers in the blaze, was as much as he could attend to at one time. With all his precaution, she succeeded in singing a lock of the long, tangled hair that fell over her shoulders.

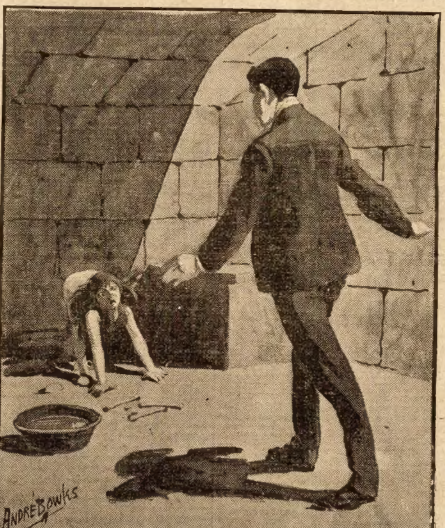
"Gads! but I would like to enlighten this poor creature. I believe that she is teachable." He sat for some time lost in thought, watching the child as she tried to jabber over the keys with which she was playing.

"Annette remarked that the doctor had another secret, was guilty of further crime. I must learn what it is. I wonder if he has left for the Coast as yet. He will certainly be where the authorities can lay their hands upon him before I make any noise about this affair. I wonder, too, if he really intends leaving this poor child behind these walls for [illegible]tural lifetime? He hasn't the heart of [illegible]nibal chief!"

It was [illegible] when he finally wrapped himself [illegible] blanket and threw himself on the [illegible] his night's rest. He was greatly wearied, for he taught his companion many things before she stole away to her heap of rags in the corner. He found her very imitative, and soon taught her to eat with a spoon, to push the wooden box along the floor before her and follow after it. This she seemed to enjoy, and, smiling up into his face, made a noise that sounded like laughter.

While Justin felt assured that he could in a very short time escape from his prison, through his subtle persuasions of the maid, he little reckoned on the nature with which he was dealing.

Aside from being very incredulous and suspicious, Annette greatly feared the doctor's wrath. The threat that he would take her life, should she expose him, was ever on her mind. She was convinced that this was no idle threat.



A wild-looking creature sat on the floor.

"The doctor is that sharp, aside from being the greatest villain that ever went unhung, except myself," she would argue, "he would find a way to carry out his threat. I had best be wary. Then, I can't trust the young one. He would betray me. He is only pretending to care for me. I would be imprisoned for life as an accomplice. Ugh! no; I won't take the chance! There is one comfort, too. I have my lover where no other woman can coquette with him; where I can always find him, where I can look upon him, and talk with him at will. Yes; he will do where he is—at least, for some time to come. Until I can lay my plans and study his intent. He perplexes me; I am, at times, almost persuaded that he is sincere—that he does care for me, as he says. But it is easy for one to believe what he wishes to believe, and men are such deceivers. I am clever, I am pretty, and I have money—but my caste—he is prejudiced. I have been wicked, too, very wicked. His knowledge of this makes my case hopeless. I almost wish that I had not put him there to learn my secret. In his heart he can only feel revulsion. It is done, however, and I must abide by the consequences. Yet, I had best be kind and grant his wishes so far as I can. I'll keep you imprisoned, though—I'll keep you imprisoned, my bird of rare plumage!"

Justin slept until late the next morning. Finally he was roused by a great splashing. He had unlocked the door to the bath and Zoe had evidently discovered it.

Hearing some one pounding on the skylight, he hurriedly dressed and stepped into the next room.

"Catch the bundle?" said Annette, then shutting down the grating, she disappeared.

He was pleased to find a blue print dress, one of the maid's which she had shortened, with a pair of shoes and stockings and some towels.

"Here, quit your splashing; you are fresh as a mermaid," said Justin, as he peeped in on the child, who was covered to her eyes with a thick lather of soap, and playing in the water like a young seal.

As she continued to splash away he handed her a towel. She seemed not to know its use, and was soon dipping it in the water with great glee.

"I suppose she never dries herself after these monthly plunges. I shall have to perform this duty for her. Soap, I venture she has used a whole bar! I must first rinse her."

Having finished his task, he could not but stand away and admire the child's wondrous beauty. Her skin seemed as fine and as white as Parian marble. There was no color in the cheeks, but the lips were like rosebuds. With her brown, tangled, curling locks hanging about her shoulders and the deep blue eyes, bright from their dose of soap, and her well-rounded form, Justin could liken her to nothing but a young Psyche.

"Psyche is a better name for you than Zoe. Ye gods! but you're a wonder! Your eyes and lips might serve an angel," he murmured. "Well, for sweet modesty's sake, we will put on the dress. There, there, do not get down on your hands on this dirty floor. You are forgetting this morning. Now, just see how you have dirtied your hands. Come, we will wash them again. There now, stand on your feet, that is what they were made for, while I put the dress on you. I must confess to being sort of a novice at serving as ladies' maid or nurse girl, as the case may be, but, no doubt, I can manage. Here, put your feet through. Wonder how I can make her understand? If Annette were only here! Ah! speak of an angel, with a big A, and you'll hear its flutter," he said, as the maid reappeared and looked down at him through the skylight!

She was laughing heartily at his efforts. "Put it over her head, put it over her head, you unsophisticated school boy," she laughed. "Women do not get into their gowns as men do their trousers."

Justin smiled at his awkwardness, and hastened to carry out her instructions.

"It buttons down the back, that she may not unfasten it. Turn it around and button it behind, Mr. Justin."

Zoe seemed not to like the feeling of the starched cambric, and tried to tear it off. But Justin slapped her hands, and made her understand for the time being that she was to keep it on.

Evidently she was willing to obey, but her mind was not retentive, and every few moments found her tugging away at the garment. The shoe laces were tied into knots so that she could not take them off, but she insisted upon removing the pretty blue silk garters with the shining buckles, and chewing at them, until, having been punished several times, she left them in place.

Every time that Justin punished her, the tears would readily start to her eyes and she would whine piteously.

"Never mind, I shall not have to keep it up long. How you tremble, poor child. Ah, I did not think, you are not accustomed to standing on your feet for this length of time. You are weak and wearied."

He started off alone, watching to see if she would attempt to follow on all fours, but this time she remembered not to do so. She only held out her hands and seemed to beg him to take her with him.

He returned and led her very tenderly to the bench, gratified to see that memory was beginning to take hold.

As he stood off and looked at her, he said: "What a pretty child she is! What a sweet-looking, pretty child! If only her countenance would light up a bit—but it will come! She has intelligence. Her eyes show this. I wonder what she would think of her reflection?"

Going into the next room, he brought a small mirror, and held it before her, but the face which it reflected she took no notice of.

"Alas! what centuries of civilization has made the looking-glass not only invaluable to the ordinary woman, but a solace to many! After this, when I see a woman primping before her mirror, I shall not condemn her. I shall understand that it is a high mark of civilization. If the daughter of some millionaire had your face, Zoe, she would carry a mirror to bed with her. You may some of these days, who knows."

"Here I am," whispered a voice, as the heavy outer door once again swung open, and Annette stood before the bars. "I brought combs and brushes. I shall have to ask you to brush the tangles from Zoe's hair, since I cannot open the door to come in."

"And why not, Annette?"

"You would break prison. What kind of a fool do you think I am, Justin Holbrook?"

"You can trust me, Annette, upon my honor, I promise——"

"Oh, have done! You have no honor; I never knew a man who had."

"I am sorry for you, Annette."

"You had best be sorry for your sex, Mr. Justin. No; this door is never again to be opened. I have thought it all over, and have made a vow never again to unlock this door."

"That is all right, Annette," said the prisoner, with slight ill-humor. "But do not talk to a man before he has had his breakfast in this fashion; it doesn't show tact."

"I have no reason to show tact. Jailers are not in the habit of using tact to get on with their prisoners."

"They sometimes use a little common sense, though."

"Yes; far more than do their victims. I say, what do you want for your breakfast?"

"Breakfast! pshaw! I want my liberty!" he answered, testily. "If I cannot have that, bring me some towels. I've got to have a bath."

"That is a trifle more modest and easier to grant. I forgot to tell you not to leave the bath unlocked, or the fool will drown herself. She came near doing so once. Will you have fruit and eggs and coffee for your breakfast?"

"Yes: that will do, and a dozen cigars. I probably have the best chance that I shall ever have of smoking myself to death."

"It is like your impertinence, Mr. Justin, to ask for a dozen cigars. I don't mind your having them, but two cigars a day are enough for any man."

"Perhaps you are right about it, Annette, but, here, wait a moment. Take another five, and bring me ink and paper. I want to scribble down some of my impressions and observations."

"To give to the world?"

"To science."

"You had best keep a diary of passing events, Mr. Justin, that would be more interesting," laughed the maid, as she hurried away.

Zoe who now followed Justin about as would some domestic animal whom he had petted, whined and scratched at the door of the lavatory, while he was making his toilet. He wondered how she reached the door—if she crawled to it? He had left her standing alone by the bench, holding out her hands for him to assist her, but he sat her down and tried to make her understand that she was to remain there. He was greatly surprised as well as pleased to learn that she had pushed the box before her, as he had taught her to do, the night previous, and in that way had reached the door.

"She is beginning to think—she is beginning to think," he said, and smiling upon and caressing her, he encouraged her again to push the box about the room. With the box and her heels coming down so hard upon the floor she made quite a clatter.

When Annette came with their breakfast he said: "I wish you would tell me how it is that you can carry up the meals here without arousing the suspicions of the other—that is, the servants?"

"Yes, I understand; the other servants. Don't let your tongue make such another slip, or it will not be well for you. Had the doctor no more cunning than you his secret would have been out long ago. He provided against all suspicion by bringing a gorilla here many years ago and shutting it up in these rooms, for scientific study, he said. The servants all knew about that. He had it here for only a week. One dark night while the servants slept, it was taken away. They think it is still here. Of course, I keep the keys that unlock this entire upper floor, so they have no opportunity of getting near these quarters. Besides, they have all been forbidden to come here. The doctor pretends he thinks the gorilla might escape and kill them all. He has them so frightened, not one would dare venture. They think me wonderfully brave, and that I am paid a handsome sum for my work, as I assure you I am."

"How much crime is hidden under this roof, Annette! But, here, watch Zoe eat with a spoon. I taught her last night."

"But you must teach her nothing, Mr. Justin."

"Pshaw! just wait a few weeks. She will make a much better appearance than the Boston girl. His satanic majesty will be a bit surprised when he sees her again. How are you to explain it, Annette?"

The girl looked frightened for a brief moment, then said, "That isn't bothering me. He said that he never wanted to see her again."

"Be a good girl and tell me something, Annette. You remarked that the doctor had another secret."

"Yes; but it is not mine, so I may not divulge it." She really cared little about his knowing, but the opportunity to torment her entrapped lover must be embraced.

"You are quite as safe in telling it to me as to the stars, or as though I were in my tomb, Annette."

"Well, one cannot always count on these things. You will remember what happened when the barber whispered the secret of

(Continued on page fourteen.)

THE CHICAGO LEDGER
30 YEARS OLD.

Published Every Saturday
—BY—
W. D. BOYCE CO.

All communications should be addressed to
THE CHICAGO LEDGER,
112, 114 DEARBORN ST.,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. If not paid in advance, $2.00 a year, $1.00 for six months. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Post Office or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. One Dollar must be added to all foreign yearly subscriptions to pay postage.

Entered at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, as second-class matter.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER
AND
SATURDAY BLADE.

ADVERTISING.
Advertising rate $1.85 per Agate Line, per insertion, for advertisements in The Chicago Ledger and Saturday Blade.

625,000
COPIES WEEKLY
PROVED CIRCULATION.

BACK NUMBERS.
Back numbers of the Ledger can be had by addressing this office. Always give the numbers desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address, and your order will receive prompt attention. Price 5 cents per copy.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.
The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for the Ledger unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of the Ledger and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

UNION LABEL
ALLIED PRINTING
TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL 239
CHICAGO. ILL.

Ignorance is far less odious than false affectations.

Ingratitude makes a man look like a dollar minus 99 cents.

Many a man who owes something to himself refuses to pay it.

Where there's much smoke there's likely to be a lot of soft coal.

Each day brings its separate and distinct opportunities for doing good.

Listen to what your friends say of others if you would know what they say of you.

Any man who smiles when he pays his taxes is too good for this wicked world.

The more a man has to say about himself the less he likes to hear others talk of themselves.

General Miles has gone into the oil business, but not for the purpose of smoothing any troubled waters for the administration at reduced rates.

If Dowie and Mrs. Nation would combine as a two-ring circus and travel together it would be easier for the person who loves quiet and common sense to shun them.

Governor Van Sant of Minnesota says that Chicago River bacteria are perfectly harmless. The Governor should be rewarded with a present of some of the little pets.

It is said that the best dressed man in Chicago is dead, but that does not mean much, as Chicago does not make as much of a specialty of dressed men as it does of dressed beef.

Experiments are being made by which radium may be used at about one-fourth of the original cost. There is hope for the world yet if the coal trust does not corner the new metal.

President Roosevelt's anxiety because he gets insufficient exercise is aggravated by the fact that he foresees little or nothing in next year's campaign that will make strenuous exercise necessary.

It has been shown in Germany to be possible to run an electric car at the rate of 165 miles an hour. However, walking would have to be wretched before the average man would risk going at that speed.

At Vancouver, B. C., the other day the American flag was hissed. Vancouver people probably think they can be "sassy" because we don't want to dig any canals in that vicinity, but they mustn't go too far.

THE MARK OF CAIN;

or, The Black Pride of the Countess of Barnchester.

BY CONSTANCE BEATRICE WILLARD.

(Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.)

Begun in No. 43, Oct. 24. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

Suddenly, he could not have told why, a bit of the past came to King, and he saw again the intense, deep blue sky, the white minarets, and the little booth, where a strange old man sat with two of those horrible red blossoms before him, those frightful blossoms the memory of which had made him turn from the lips of his betrothed. He could hear the man explaining in excellent English that these flowers were so deadly that the perfume from one, when gathered on the right day, was sufficient to kill many, or, if gathered with the dew upon it, would cause a fever resembling cholera. This flashed through his mind, and he could remember thinking at the time that Queenie's lips were the exact shade of these flowers. Even as he thought, his eyes fell upon those lips, still as loathsomely red as then, although the face looked like one risen from the dead, and from them was issuing an answer:

"Miss Stirling, have you ever been in Ardenvale?"

"Yes." The word was so low it was only by the motion of the lips that one could distinguish the answer.

"How many times?"

"Once."

"The truth." How stern the kind, honest face looked now!

"Twice—oh, I see you know all!" throwing out her hands, then turning toward her mother she cried:

"You are a proud woman, and your black pride will not bend. Just listen, and see what it has brought your only daughter to, what it has made of her," she paused, one hand going to her throat, and Litchfield's watchful eyes saw, and a moment later he handed her a glass of wine. "I am not one to confess. If it were not for humbling you I would go to my punishment without opening my lips."

Again she paused, but a clear voice sounded in her ear:

"Tell what there is to tell without thought of humbling any one. Atone as far as lies in your power, my child," and Litchfield stood on her other side, for King was gazing at her in wild astonishment.

"It's a long story, but I am not strong enough to tell it all. All I can say, and I have no excuse to offer, although God in Heaven knows I would do it all over again. I could not help it, I love him so. Yes, I know the story. This love grew with my growth, was a part of my very being. I came down to Ardendale and saw you two at the hedge," she was gasping for breath, and Litchfield's strong arm alone kept her from falling to the floor.

"Think, King, what it meant to me! I saw you hold her in your arms. I would have gladly suffered any torment known to have had you kiss me that way, and to be able to call into your face the look you gave her. It made a demon of me. I went back home and gave Auntie a dose of the poison."

"You dared—you dared?" King cried in a voice of thunder.

"A woman who loves as I do dares anything, King. After that I immediately gave her the usual remedies in cases of cholera which I knew would make the poison harmless. In this way I brought King back and kept him by my side, for whenever she grew better I gave her another dose of the medicine, applying the remedies immediately." She drained another glass of wine Litchfield gave her, but, although barely able to speak, she refused to sit down. "Then you sent me to Ardenvale. She was gone, and I brought you the letter."

"Where did you get it?" King said in a low, tense tone.

"I wrote it," came in faltering accents from the baleful red lips.

"And the one I received?" gasped Clover, starting from her seat.

"I wrote that, too. I suppressed all letters on both sides. I had heard that you went off with a young man, although I did not understand his name, I knew it was your foster-brother, that is all, except that I do not regret a single thing, King, except that I have not been able to gain a thought of love from you," and the pale face fell on Litchfield's shoulder.

The Countess gave a heartfelt groan. "To think that such a daughter ever was born of me!" she cried.

The golden head then reared like a snake ready to strike.

"Do you not appreciate the effect of prenatal influences?" she said, her crimson lips working, and her wax-like hands closing and unclosing.

"Before I was born, the mark of Cain was placed on me, for there was murder in your heart for my father even as you bore his child in your womb."

Goaded almost beyond endurance, the stately Countess rose, and, confronting the wronged daughter, she said rapidly:

"I do believe in pre-natal influences, and in heredity, but it was not I who marked you, but the miserable wretch who begot you. By the man who deserted his wife in the hour of her greatest trial, and left her and his offspring yet unborn to starve, were you marked through all eternity."

"There is a worse crime, Madam," came from the outside door, "than a husband deserting his wife and unborn child, horrible as that is. When a mother deserts her own born child, throws a dainty, delicate little girl upon the mercy of strange[illegible] she dislikes to be reminded of a [illegible] folly, then, I say, that such a cri[illegible]e unforgivable one, and I honest[illegible]ve that when you and I stand befo[illegible] God for punishment, yours will be the one for which no mercy is shown."

There stood a bent figure of a man roughened by wind and weather, but with honest indignation and true repentance shining in his eyes.

The Countess, so dignified a picture of gracious womanhood, fell back in her chair, crying:

"William, William!"

"Oh, yes, it's me, sure enough. And now, my lady, while we are about it, let me say a word or two in explanation. I did you an awful wrong when I induced you to marry me, and myself one, too. I was a wild young fellow in those days, and did not understand that no happiness could come to either by such a marriage. Of course I drank—all of my class do. I was rough and uncouth, it is a way we all have. That I was maddened by the thought of losing not only help from my father-in-law, but also my place, I do not deny, and I acted like a brute and beast that I was then. Still, I was only a boy, not as old as your son there, my grand lady, and one has something to learn at that age. Trying to get employment, I became mixed up in a disreputable political row, and was sent to the Island for eighteen months. I had no money, and, although I sent you many messages, I suppose you received none. When I was released I began my search for you, which ended when I saw a notice of our divorce in an old file. Since that time I have kept a kind of tab on you, and I just happened upon my child about ten years ago. Oh, how I have watched over her! Many is the time she has ridden in my carriage, for I drove a carriage and not a cab, so that once in a while she might summons me. Ten years ago I hired a flat, and since then I have been fixing it up a little. I have studied, too, and, daughter," turning toward the drooping figure lying back in the great chair where Litchfield had placed her, "your fine friends have turned you down; your titled mother and brother cast you off, but you have a father, and a nice little place waiting for you where you will be welcome as the sunshine. They shall not hurt you, my darling, for what you have done. You were marked, poor little thing, but not in the way you think. Folks, it's insanity. My father died in a madhouse, as did my great-grandfather. It breaks out every other generation. Little Gerty, come to your poor old father, he will protect you," and he held out his arms, while tears streamed down Clover's face, and stood in the eyes of King and the Earl.

Queenie raised her head once more. Suddenly she rose, her bosom rising and falling, and her lips redder than ever; then she clutched her slender throat, staggered forward a step or two, when, throwing out her hands, she fell upon the floor, and before either her father or Litchfield could reach her, she was dead.

"The poor, tortured heart is at rest," Litchfield said reverently, looking up from the little, silent heap which had once been so powerful a factor in many lives.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Man while he loves is never quite depraved,
And woman's triumph is a lover saved."

Clover stood in her drawing room a week after the events narrated in the last chapter, the sun streaming in through the window upon her winsome face, which was fast regaining its old-time color. In her heart sung a glad song of happiness, for her King was true as steel, and she had not been deceived. Her tall, graceful figure was artistically draped in a soft, trailing garment of white, profusely trimmed with delicate embroidery in deep pink and silver. The wide sleeves fell away from the matchless arms, upon which were clasped several exquisite bracelets. The gown was fastened at the neck by an opal, which either gleamed silver white or deepened into glowing pink, as large as a half dollar, one which many years before had been set in the head of an Indian idol. The tiny white hands were bare of ornament, however, and looked like fluttering doves, as she held a letter in her hands and read for the fiftieth time:

"I cannot address you but in terms of endearment, and I have no right to do that. Still, will you not let me see you and plead for your forgiveness. Do not refuse any more, even if you are going to turn from me forever. Clover, heart's dearest, I cannot help it, please let me come. The poor, hapless girl lies buried now, and I am trying to forgive her. You said that terrible night when she lay dead before us that you forgave her, try to forgive me, too, even if you cannot give me your love again. Faithfully, Kingsley Wadsworth."

"How dense some men are," Clover thought to herself, as the sweet lips parted in a tender smile, then she started, for some one stood by her side. It was Tom.

"Dear Tom," she whispered gently, putting out her hand.

Tom smiled, too. There was a new expression on his face, one of added manliness and dignity, and yet in his eyes was a twinkle as he said:

"King is in my room."

The color flew to Clover's face, but she said, quietly:

"I hope he is well."

Tom's face sobered. "Clover, my dear little one, now is the time to prove yourself a woman, not a girl. Whatever anger there may be in your heart, put it aside. Forgive him, and give him every bit of the love in your heart. I know your girlish sense of resentment would dictate that you keep him waiting a little, but, Clover, the boy is on such a strain I do not think he can bear much more. He has done nothing wrong, simply been the victim of a clever woman, whose pitiful end places her beyond censure. Clover, true love does not always consist in saying, but in doing. That dead woman loved, however wrongly and unwisely, more truly, utterly and completely than any other woman I ever knew. Her love was so great, although granted it was selfish, that she dared everything to win his, killed herself in the attempt. Not by any poison, but day by day her remorse and wild defiance of all laws human and divine, sapped her strength until she was dying at the time I brought her here. Now, Clover, however much that woman wronged him, King can but appreciate the power of her love, and unless you want yours to appear weak and unstable, you must rise above all petty thoughts and show him that you, too, can suffer and endure for his sake."

As he spoke, Litchfield's face seemed transformed, and when he ended Clover stretched out her arms to him, crying:

"Oh, Tom, Tom! can you ever forgive me for wrecking your life?"

"Clover, darling," he replied, putting his arm about her and looking into her eyes with a tender affection from which all thought of self was purged, "I do not want you to feel this way. Of course, in a sense, my life has been wrecked because I do not

SEWING MACHINE FREE
An up-to-date, full size, High Grade Sewing Machine with Automatic Lift and Drop-Head, and all of the latest attachments costs from $30. to $40. Don't throw your money away for a Machine, but take advantage of our generous proposition which we make to every person that takes advantage of this advertisement, and does the work which we require if you wish to own a full size sewing machine that will do beautiful work, and that is guaranteed by the manufacturers for 10 years. Send no money; order to-day and we will promptly mail to you twelve boxes of our celebrated Headache Remedy. Sell them at 25 cents per box and send us the $3.00. When we have received the money for the Pills which we shall send you immediately after you have sold the $3. worth and returned the money, we will at once without any further work on your part or payment of any kind send you a full size, high grade Sewing Machine exactly as described. You run no risk, as we take back all the pills you cannot sell and allow you a 25 per cent. cash commission for what you have sold. Remember, we offer $1000 in Gold to any person that can prove that we do not do exactly as we say. Address,
CONSOLIDATED DRUG CO. Dept. 216 New Haven, Conn.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Greenbacks MACERATED MONEY FROM THE U. S. TREASURY. Pack of about $1,000 for 10c; $3,000 for 20c. Get some and show your friends what a wad you carry. Bushels of fun. MORGAN PUB. CO., No. 18 Station C, Chicago.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Hunters' & Trappers' Guide A $5000. BOOK
300 pages, cloth bound, illustrating all fur animals. All about trapping, Trappers' Secrets, all kinds of traps, decoys, &c. Special Price $1, to fur shippers postpaid. We buy Raw Furs, Hides. Price List free. ANDERSCH BROS., Dept. 446, Minneapolis, Minn.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

LEARN TO BE A DETECTIVE
Taught by mail under direct supervision of one of the shrewdest detectives in the country. There is a steady demand for spotters, shadows and private detectives (both sexes) at big salaries. We qualify you to fill these positions. We help our graduates to secure employment. Write for information and descriptive literature. Address NATIONAL DETECTIVE COLLEGE, 10 Equitable Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

PIANO Do You Want a Genuine Bargain
Hundreds of Upright Pianos returned from renting to be disposed of at once. They include Steinways, Knabes, Fischers, Sterlings and other well known makes. Many cannot be distinguished from new yet all are offered at a great discount. Uprights as low as $100. Also beautiful New Uprights at $125 $135, $150 and $165. A fine instrument at $290, fully equal to many $400 pianos. Monthly payments accepted. Freight only about $5. Write for list and particulars. You make a great saving. Pianos warranted as represented. Illustrated Piano Book Free.
FROM
LYON & HEALY
15 Adams St., CHICAGO.
World's largest music house; sells Everything known in Music
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MORPHINE
We Guarantee a Cure
Morphine, Opium, Laudanum, Cocaine and all other drug habits, can be permanently and painlessly cured at home and we cure them without causing detention from business or other inconvenience whatever. Action immediate. Creates good appetite. Produces sound, restful sleep. Leaves system of patient in natural, healthy condition and without further desire for drugs of any kind. We build up the nervous system and remove the causes of disease. Each case submitted to us receives individual attention from an experienced nerve specialist.
Free Trial Treatment
will be sent to anyone addicted to morphine or other drug habits, on receipt of request. This trial will demonstrate its remarkable curative value.
Confidential correspondence, especially with physicians, solicited.
Write at once for our free booklet containing references, terms, etc.
Manhattan Therapeutic Ass'n
Suite 550, 1135 Broadway, New York
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

think any woman can occupy my heart but you; but I am a better man for having known and loved you, darling, and in your happiness I will find mine. Now, little sister, I am going to send King to you, and at twelve I expect the Earl and Countess, but you will have over an hour."

"The Earl and Countess?" Clover asked, in wonderment.

"Yes, dear; and then I am going to tell you a little about myself. You will treat King as I wish?"

Clover raised her eyes to his, and replied, softly:

"Brother, how little a man understands a woman. I have only waited because of the other one. Tom, send King to me, and I promise you I will not maltreat him," then, with a bewitching little smile, "do hurry."

A moment later King stood in the door, his face changing from red to white, his eyes looking longingly at the dainty, graceful figure by the window, then he heard a low, sweet voice cry:

"King, oh, King!" and he had her in his arms, and his hungry lips were seeking hers.

How the next few minutes flew, neither could have told, but at last King found himself sitting on a chair, with Clover on its arms, and a soft, subtle perfume assailing his nostrils.

"Clovers?" he cried.

The young girl bent her head, and there entwined with her dark hair were three of the lovely blooms.

"Snow on the ground, and these?" he asked, in amazement, kissing the sweet flowers.

"I have cultivated some for a number of years, raising them under glass, and yesterday Tom had some sent to me, he just learning of the fact a day or two before."

Silence rested between them for a moment, while his arms were about the trembling form, and her face buried in his neck. Suddenly he drew her to his lap and said, softly:

"Let me know everything, darling."

"Is it not possible to bury it all and forget that anything ever parted us?" was the gentle question.

"After today we will, bury it all with poor Queenie, but I must know it all," and so sitting in her warm, fragrant drawing room, filled with sunshine and flowers, with her lover's arms about her Clover told the simple little story. She had written each day, several times twice, and had even telegraphed. All this time her uncle had not returned, but two weeks from the time she was left, he was brought home dead. All his money was invested in a bank which failed, and he had dropped dead in the street. The kind, gentle, charitable physician and friend to all who needed assistance. Still she wrote, telling of her loss, when there had come the cruel letter, the only one she had received. As he read the wicked words, King felt anger wild and cruel spring up in his heart, but a gentle little hand pressed his; sweet lips kissed away the bitter words, and the soft voice went on:

"After that letter came I felt as though I could not live. Then Tom came. He was my foster brother. I know I never happened to speak of him, just as you forgot to mention Queenie. I was nearly distracted when he arrived a few hours after the letter, and without any delay he brought me to the city, and tried by every means in his power to rouse me. Now, dear, that is all, pray let us forget everything and be happy."

"And you will not let me tell you of my part?"

"I know enough. Please try to forget it. We will commence all over again, and I will try to make you happy, so happy that you will forget our trouble," and the dear arms were about his neck, but King resisted.

"Listen, dear, there is something else. I was not brave like you, for the letter was so terrible which I received. Tom and I think you had better not read it, for it would only hurt you without doing any good. Before I came here that night I knew that the slander was vile and wicked."

"I do not wish to read it, dear. The poor, unbalanced mind which composed both is lifeless now. Forgive and bury it forever."

"My darling girl, but what I want to say concerns myself alone. Clover, yes, dear, let me look straight in your dear eyes. When I asked you to be my wife, while not worthy of you, no man unless it is your brother could be, there was nothing I was ashamed of, but now, hush, dear, I will speak this once. During those awful days there came things into my life which have soiled it forever. You are too pure and good, my little flower, to understand, but when I ask you can you ever forgive and love a man who willingly dragged himself in all the moral filth he could find, what will you say?"

Clover drew herself from his arms, and laying her hand in his, said, quietly:

"Come to the window," and he followed. She placed him where the strong light fell full upon his face, and looked at it earnestly for a moment, then replied, with such infinite tenderness that the tears started to his eyes:

"My King, I see nothing in that dear face to make me feel afraid to trust my life and happiness in your keeping. Take me, dear, if you think I can make you happy, and let there be no more of asking forgiveness or of forgiving between us," and as he caught her to his heart, Kingsley Wadsworth felt himself purged forever of his six months of dissipation.

Then followed a sweet, tender talk, in which they once more laid plans for the future, not as heedless children to whom sorrow is unknown, but sobered and chastened by the fire of affliction, and when Tom finally entered, he knew that his life sentence had been signed. The Spartan did not flinch, however, but said, bravely:

"Sister, dear, I want to present some new relatives of mine, and standing aside, discovered the Earl and Countess of Barnchester.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Love is strong as death."

"Relatives of yours, dear," Clover cried, springing to her feet, and running forward.

The Earl looked as mystified as them all, but the Countess replied, going up to Tom and kissing him very tenderly:

"Yes, my nephew; my only brother's only child."

The Earl sat down completely overcome.

"By Jove!" he said, in a weak voice.

As soon as the company sufficiently composed themselves, Tom told of his visit to Mrs. Bathurst and then continued:

"The story is too long a one to tell today. Sufficient to say that Mrs. Bathurst recognized me from my resemblance to my father who married below him in station, a very sweet girl. For this his father disowned him, and the young fellow and his wife would have starved if it had not been for the kindness of the girl's mother and sister, now Mrs. Bathurst, then a young woman. My father finally died of exposure and neglect, and three months later his wife gave birth to me, and died two days afterwards. The grandmother took the newly-born child to the man whose name he bore, but Mr.[illegible]hillips refused to have anything to do [illegible]im, but made this proposition. If she [illegible] place the child in an asylum he wo[illegible] her five thousand dollars for the ch[illegible] the same amount for herself. She must [illegible]ear to keep the boy's identity unknown, however. This she did, but wishing her own grandchild brought up in a manner befitting his birth, she took him one snowy night and placed him upon the steps of Doctor Arden's house. She had lived in the place and knew that the good man would see he was properly cared for. Every one who knew that good man knows how he did rear the helpless boy, and how nobly he discharged the trust so given him.

Tom's deep voice paused and the Countess took up the tale:

"Tom came to me with the proofs of his identity, and I was delighted to find a nephew in the young man who deeply interested me. He confided in me some of his ideas relative to you two, and had me help him as far as lay in my power. However, I knew nothing of my 'daughter's complicity in the matter. My dear," turning to Clover, "you are entering upon a new and happy life. Never forget that pride is one of the worst traits of character one can possess. Mine was so great that I am really a criminal. My daughter lies in a dishonored grave; my son can never forgive me, and were it not for my nephew, I think my heart would break," and the strangely softened Countess turned toward the self-reliant Tom, who drew her sobbing to his shoulder and looked inquiringly at the young Earl. His face changed color several times, but at last he came to his mother and said in a husky voice:

"Mother, dear, perhaps I've shown more of the family pride than I ought. Suppose we forget all that has been between us and begin over again," and the unhappy lady gladly accepted the olive branch.

As soon as she could command her voice the Countess said, tenderly:

"My child, I want you to stay with me until you are married, which will be soon, I suppose," and without any affectation, Clover, laying her little hand in King's, said simply:

"Whenever King wants me."

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Love rings to wedding bells, and all hearts are glad."

All weddings are similar, although each bride and groom thinks theirs the most perfect, and in the eyes of the fashionable world the Arden-Wadsworth one was a little more elegant than any of the season, not excepting the one which presented Mrs. Fast to the world. It was not a large one, but under the circumstances Tom desired to have it take place with sufficient publicity to introduce his sister properly to the world where she was to queen it for many happy years. Few if any of the acquaintances of the family knew that King and Queenie were to have been married, and as society was given to understand that the engagement between King and Clover was of long standing and the wedding day already fixed by the powerful Mrs. Fast, who was taken into their confidence, the gay world forgot that it was barely a month since Queenie's death, when the wedding march sounded and the fair young bride walked up the aisle on Tom's loving arm, which never trembled, to meet the pale-faced groom, and his best man, the Earl of Barnchester, more handsome and dashing than ever.

A friend of Mrs. Fast accompanied the bride as maid of honor, whose dancing eyes and fascinating little ways played sad havoc with the heart of the Earl of Barnchester. Her dress was of Clover's favorite color, the deep, rich clover pink, and was trimmed with artificial clovers made of velvet, and soft green leaves, four sectioned. The picture hat was made entirely of clover blossoms and leaves, which set well upon her hair of sunshiny brown.

If this dress astonished the guests, however, that of the bride was a dream of delight. Of course, it was of the accustomed white satin, high in the neck and long in the sleeves, but it was covered with lace which once formed a portion of the wardrobe of one of the greatest ladies in Japan. Her veil was absolutely priceless, and she wore, not her other diamonds, the gift of her brother, but those which had been in the Wadsworth family for many generations. However, what caused all to hold their breath was the fact that, violating all traditions, the lovely bride carried a huge bunch of red clovers, carefully arranged with the usual lace paper.

Together before the altar of God stood these two, whom fate had separated for a time, and then brought together. The solemn words of the ceremony began, and a great hush fell over the vast assembly.

Such a few words, so short a time required to unite two lives for all eternity. Brave, noble Tom, with his heart bleeding so that he can almost hear the dripping blood, giving away the love of his life, with tender, smiling face; gallant young member of one of the proudest houses in all England, impressed to a remarkable degree, and wishing that he and the maid of honor were themselves answering the same questions; the young girl, blushing under his ardent glances, and wondering if it can be true that love such as this is coming to her; the white-haired minister, whose kindly voice has pronounced so many couples man and wife; and the gentle, lovely bride. What thoughts are hers as she stands there? Of a former oath, they have kept in spirit, and are now renewing to keep until the end of their lives. Strangely as it may seem, the same thought is in the mind of the bridegroom, for there is a rare sympathy between these two, who turn from the altar, after those few minutes man and wife.

Side by side, and both sobbing and thinking of the golden-haired girl now resting in a grave upon which the sod has not yet grown, are the Countess and her old friend, Mrs. Wadsworth, who already has learned to love her new daughter. Radiant as ever is the beautiful Mrs. Fast, resplendent in her dress of shimmering green, almost covered with pearls, and whose wise head is filled with projects to bring about a marriage between her would-be adorer of former days, the Earl of Barnchester, and her young friend, Fairy Whipple, thinks to herself:

"If I do make Fairy a Countess she will have to resume her name of Elizabeth. I say, though, that's not bad, Elizabeth, Countess of Barnchester, and I believe I'll live to hear it uttered," and she really did, for before another six months passed, the young Earl took a bride to his ancestral home, and her name was Elizabeth, and she brought her husband wealth sufficient to make him a second Monte Cristo, for our American girls do not enter the ranks of the English nobility empty-handed.

Man and wife until death do them part, Clover and King Wadsworth came slowly down the aisle, between rows of friends, smiling their congratulations and good wishes, to the carriage awaiting them. Amid a shower of costly flowers they enter it and ride off.

"Darling," King whispers, as he draws her to his heart, "nothing can ever part us now, not even death."

And Clover, raising her wedding ring to her lips, whispers:

"No, my King; not even death."

EPILOGUE.

The following night a man and woman stood looking down at the waves dashing against a mighty ocean steamer, and as the man drew his companion's cloak closer about her, she said, sadly:

"Poor boy, what do you see in the water now?"

The man replied, with a quick intaking of his breath:

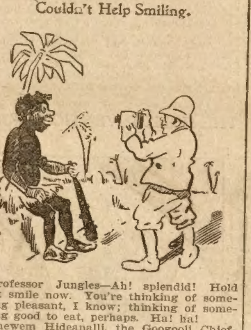
"Many things, Auntie. A long, useful life for us together, for when Geoff brings that little Milwaukee girl to Barnchester Castle you will come to me and keep me from growing into a weazened old bachelor. I see our dear bride and groom of yesterday making the world better and wiser for their good work, and little ones about them." He paused.

"Do you see no face beside your own, dear Tom?"

"No; Aunt Gertrude, none. There never will be, except yours. The other thing I see is a little grave," grasping firmly the hand so like his own and the young Earl's, "carefully tended by a stooping, white-haired man, whose life grows better and better for that bit of ground. Ah, yes, Auntie, there are many, many things to see in the water, if one only knows how to look for them, and not least of all is the happiness which comes of doing what is right."

The End.

Couldn't Help Smiling.



Professor Jungles—Ah! splendid! Hold that smile now. You're thinking of something pleasant, I know; thinking of something good to eat, perhaps. Ha! ha!

Chewem Hideanalli, the Googooli Chieftain—You bet your life, and I'm looking straight at it, too.

A Health Indicator.

Mrs. Nexdoor—"How is old Mr. Moneybaggs this morning?"

Mrs. Sharpeye—"I haven't heard; but I noticed that Dr. Bigfee looked very gloomy when he left the Moneybaggs residence a little while ago."

Mrs. Nexdoor—"Ah, then the dear old gentleman is getting well."

Dyspepsia

Don't think you can cure your dyspepsia in any other way than by strengthening and toning your stomach.

That is weak and incapable of performing its functions, probably because you have imposed upon it in one way or another over and over again.

You should take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It strengthens and tones the stomach, and permanently cures dyspepsia and all stomach troubles. Accept no substitute.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FAT people can reduce to any desired weight. Write for free instructions to Box 985, Buffalo, N. Y.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

TAPE-WORM EXPELLED WITH HEAD. GUARANTEED. BOOKLET FREE. BYRON FIELD & CO., 182 STATE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

LIQUOR & TOBACCO Habit Stopped Instantly. Box 128, B, Defiance, Ohio

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

ASTHMA, Catarrh and Consumption cured while you sleep by Eucalypta Health Pillow (California herbs). My free booklet tells you all about it. Prof. Z. T. Spencer, Suisun, Calif.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

SAVE YOUR HAIR. I have a cure for falling hair. Will send complete cure for $1.25 to any address. If interested write WM. HANSEN, 189 Jackson St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

JEWELRY SET. Watch chain and charm, cuff buttons, four collar buttons, scarf pin. All for 25 cents, delivered. Purchaser becomes our agent and gets 5 cents for each set he can sell. L. J. FRANKLIN & CO., 605 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

CALIFORNIA FOR 25¢ All about the land of sunshine, fruits and flowers. Resources and romance. Illus. Mag. 1 yr. trial, 25c. The Western Empire, 80 Times Block, Los Angeles, Calif.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WARTS CURED forever, on face, hands or body without Acid, Salve or Needle. One application. MAKE BIG MONEY curing friends and others. Leaves skin clean and beautiful. GUARANTEED. Bank References. Information free. HART & CO., R.500, 67 Clark St., Chicago.

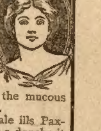
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MORPHINE--OPIUM and LAUDANUM HABITS cured by a painless home treatment, endorsed and used by leading physicians. A trial treatment sufficient to convince you, sent free with book of testimonials sealed. Correspondence Confidential. OPA SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 1, San Antonio, Texas

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

EPILEPSY OR FITS CURED I wish every person in the U. S. suffering with EPILEPSY or FITS to send for one of my large-sized bottles (16 full oz.) FREE and if it does all that is claimed for it, the patient can then continue the treatment which is not expensive. Dr. F. E. GRANT, Dept. 917, Kansas City, Mo.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.



PAXTINE TOILET ANTISEPTIC

FOR WOMEN

A Boston physician's discovery which cleanses and heals all inflammation of the mucous membrane wherever located.

In local treatment of female ills Paxtine is invaluable. Used as a douche it is a revelation in cleansing and healing power; it kills all disease germs which cause inflammation and discharges.

Thousands of letters from women prove that it is the greatest cure for leucorrhœa ever discovered.

Paxtine never fails to cure pelvic catarrh, nasal catarrh, sore throat, sore mouth and sore eyes, because these diseases are all caused by inflammation of the mucous membrane.

For cleansing, whitening and preserving the teeth we challenge the world to produce its equal.

Physicians and specialists everywhere prescribe and endorse Paxtine, and thousands of testimonial letters prove its value.

At druggists, or sent postpaid 50 cts.

A large trial package and book of instructions absolutely free. Write The R. Paxton Co., Dept. 24 Boston, Mass.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Wonderful Music Offer

Hiawatha, The Holy City, and 50 other new songs and two pieces of music **FREE to each person** who answers this advertisement. We are making this most liberal offer to introduce WOMAN'S WORLD, a large, finely illustrated magazine which has already a circulation of 800,000 copies each issue.

WOMAN'S WORLD is edited by able writers who have followed their profession for many years. It contains a lot of interesting reading matter and numerous departments such as are found only in an up-to-date and high-class paper. To introduce our magazine into thousands of homes quickly, we will send it five months on trial for only 10 cents and we will send you free and postpaid 52 new songs and two pieces of music as above stated. Send 25 cents and we will send WOMAN'S WORLD **one year** and the songs and music mentioned above also our Mammoth collection of **100 songs**, words and music. This is positively the biggest offer ever made by any publisher. We are one of the largest publishing concerns in Chicago, in business over 20 years. If you want a good paper at a low price and a lot of choice music send for either of the above offers. You will be delighted. Address **WOMAN'S WORLD**, Dept. M6 **CHICAGO, ILL.**

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

A SURE TEST

Of Whether Coffee Really Hurts or Not.

Some folks drink coffee and suffer day after day but console themselves by saying "I don't believe it hurts me or at any rate I am not sure that it does."

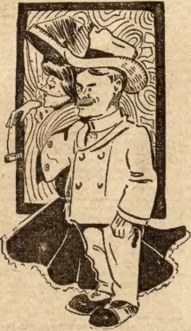
The sensible thing to do is to make sure by leaving off coffee and using Postum for a week or so. The trial is pleasant and you may learn something worth more than money to you in the way of health and strength.

An intelligent woman who valued her health and comfort made sure. She says: "I have proved positively that when I used coffee I had kidney and bladder trouble, palpitation of the heart, stomach trouble, insomnia and my complexion was sallow and muddy, but I got rid of all these troubles when I quit coffee and took on Postum Food Coffee. All my troubles disappeared quickly, almost as if by magic, and in their place I became strong and well.

"I soon learned to like Postum as well as I ever liked coffee and I would not exchange my delicious cup of Postum for coffee and sickness for anything in the world." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ruling Pashion.



He—I saw a picture of you the other day taken at the age of 2.

She—You don't say! What did I have on?

A Fine Kidney Remedy.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, East Hampton, Conn. (The Clothier), says if any sufferer from Kidney and Bladder Disease will write him he will direct them to the perfect home cure he used. He makes no charge whatever for the favor.

Jarring Voice of Youth.

Some time ago a superintendent of an uptown Sunday school had occasion to address a class of young boys. He said:

"I am glad to see so many new faces with us today; bright, eager, full of promise and full of interest in the Sunday school. And before we close this little talk about the lesson, I will wait a minute and see if anything has been overlooked. Has any one a question he wishes to ask?"

Several of the new boys responded at once:

"Going to have a Sunday school picnic this year?"

The Man He Wanted.

Charles F. Murphy's persistency is a byword. Here's a typical talk with one of his retainers:

"Did you call on that man I spoke to you about?"

"Sure!"

"Find out anything?"

"Not exactly. There happened to be four men of his name employed in the building. I saw one—a big feller, and when I mentioned you and Tammany he slammed the door and threatened to kick me down stairs. He——"

"Never mind the rest. That's the man we want."

"But, Mr. Murphy, he's a kicker——"

"It's the kicker we're after. Go there again and don't let up on him. We must have his vote."

Plain Unvarnished Truth.

A burly, broad-shouldered man passed through the gates at Broad Street Station a few days ago and hurried, with his two solid-looking suit cases, toward a Pullman porter who stood stiffly and erect beside the steps of a parlor car attached to the Pennsylvania Limited. The passenger, who was long on suit cases but short on breath, asked the proud-looking porter:

"Does this train stop at Rahway?"

"No, sah," replied the negro, in a superior manner; "this train do not stop at Rahway, sah; it do not even hesitate at Rahway."

Drake's Palmetto Wine.

Every sufferer gets a trial bottle free. Only one small dose a day of this wonderful tonic, Medicinal Wine promotes perfect Digestion, Active Liver, Prompt Bowels, Sound Kidneys, Pure, Rich Blood, Healthy Tissue, Velvet Skin, Robust Health. Drake's Palmetto Wine is a true unfailing specific for Catarrh of the Mucous Membranes of the Head, Throat, Respiratory Organs, Stomach and Pelvic Organs. Drake's Palmetto Wine cures Catarrh wherever located, relieves quickly, has cured the most distressful forms of Stomach Trouble and most stubborn cases of Flatulency and Constipation; never fails, cures to stay cured. Seventy-five cents at Drug Stores for a large bottle, usual dollar size, but a trial bottle will be sent free and prepaid to every reader of the Chicago Ledger who writes for it.

A letter or postal card addressed to Drake Formula Company, Drake Building, Chicago, Ill., is the only expense to secure a satisfactory trial of this wonderful Medicinal Wine.

Backing It Up.

"This is the place," said the man that was showing the party over the field of Gettysburg, "where General Pickett made his last great charge."

"But," objected one of the group, "when I was here last year you pointed out an entirely different locality."

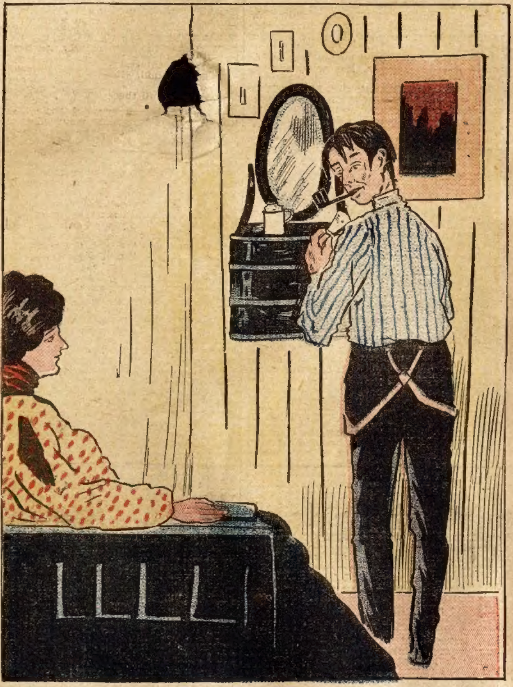
"And if you come again next year," retorted the other, "I may show you still a different place. You don't suppose he made his charge all in one spot, do you? He fit all over this neighborhood and back again, Mister."

Here he made a grand sweep of his arm, apparently indicating all the territory in sight and a part of the next county.

Second Thoughts.

Deacon C. had an Irish girl who was decidedly verdant. The deacon was building a woodhouse on ground which enclosed a well.

"And, shure," said his servant, "are ye goin' to move the well?" Observing a smile on his face, she added: "Ah! what a big fool I be. Shure, ivry drop of wather would run out moving it!"



The Missus—What ARE you fussing about?
The Hub—Did you ever try to shave with a pipe in your mouth?

Equal to All Occasions.

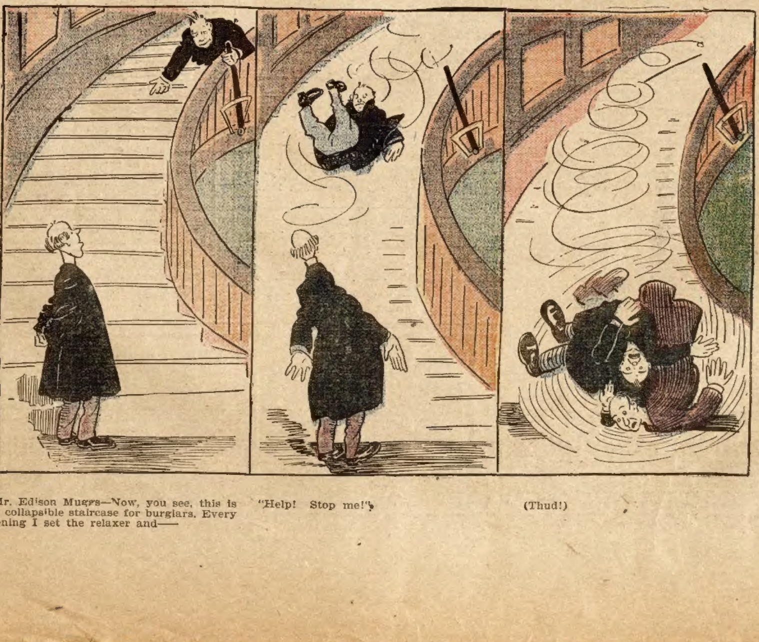
Goodfello—"Wasn't that Nicefello who just asked for you?"

Sweet Girl—"Yes; I told the maid to tell him I was not at home."

"Suppose he finds out that you are?"

"I'll tell him I thought it was you."

THE HOME INVENTION CRANK.



Mr. Edison Muggs—Now, you see, this is my collapsible staircase for burglars. Every evening I set the relaxer and——

"Help! Stop me!"

(Thud!)

Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

Send ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

Disappearance of the Hogs.

Last summer a well-known professor went to a town on the east coast for a short rest and boarded with a farmer who was in the habit of taking a few summer guests into his house to help to pay the rent. Some time ago the professor received a letter from his former landlady asking for his patronage during the holiday months.

"There are several little matters that I desire changed, should my family decide to pass the vacations at your house," wrote the professor in reply. We don't like the maid Mary. Moreover, we do not think a sty so near the house is sanitary." And this is what he received in reply:

"Mary has went. We hain't hed no hogs sence you went away last September."

The Same in the End.

Johnny, to please his sisters during the holidays, was reading from the morning paper an account of a grand wedding.

"At the appointed hour," he read, "the clergyman took his stand at the chanced rails, and to the strains of the wedding march the contradicting parties moved down the——"

"Not 'contradicting,' Johnny," interrupted his elder sister; " 'contracting.' "

"Well," stoutly contended Johnny, "they'll be contradicting parties after awhile."

The Frank Child.

A little girl sat gazing fixedly at the new bonnet of one of her mother's vistiors, until the caller smilingly asked: "Do you like it, my dear?" The child innocently replied: "Yes, I do; mamma and Aunt Milly said it was a perfect fright, but it doesn't frighten me a bit."

JOLLITY
WEIR

A Veritable Sleuth.

"That woman," said Detective Crim, as he pointed to what others would have taken to be a handsomely dressed female, "is a man."

"What!" exclaimed Chief Millikin, "How can a woman be a man?"

"What I mean," exclaimed he of the eagle eye, "is that the party referred to is a man disguised as a woman."

"How do you know that?" asked the Chief.

"Because," answered the great detective, "I saw him in a dry goods store not ten minutes ago, and he purchased the first thing he priced without looking at anything else."

Useless Question.

Among Lawyer "Abe" Hummel's recent clients was a well-groomed, stylish young lady.

"I'm in great distress, Mr. Hummel, and I seek your advice," she began.

"Well, madam, please state your case"

"I have received four proposals of marriage and I don't know which one to accept."

"Which one has the most money?" inquired Hummel, with a smile that spoke volumes.

"Why, if I was sure I knew, do you suppose I'd come to you or any other lawyer for advice?"

The Conditions Different.

Husband (with newspaper)—"When I'm at home you are forever hammering at that piano, or else your tongue is running like a trip hammer. It wasn't so before we were married."

Wife—"No, it wasn't. Before we were married you held my hands so I couldn't play, and kept my lips so busy that I couldn't talk."

AGENTS WANTED

$100. to $300. MONTHLY.

Men and women. Salesmen, Managers and General Agents. Delightful business year round. Hustlers getting rich. Write today for brand-new plan and Special Offer this month. 100 per cent profits. No risk. Goods well advertised. National reputation. Fully guaranteed. Customers delighted. We're an old firm, capital $100,000.00. Catalogue FREE. Any energetic man or woman can get good position, paying big wages.
WORLD MFG. CO.,
81 World Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WANTED, AGENTS, married women preferred, to sell household remedies of wonderful merit. Good income and steady work. Write for full information. PENN. REMEDY CO., 123 Liberty St., New York.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS—$500 PER MONTH made by selling Stransky's patent for making smokeless gunpowder at 10c. per pound; particulars free. Add's J. A. STRANSKY, Box 61, PUKWANA, S. DAK.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Free Gold Watch
This fully warranted Solid Gold Plated Watch, equal in appearance to a $35.00 Gold Filled Watch warranted 20 years, is given FREE to Boys and Girls or anyone for selling 20 pieces of our handsome jewelry at 10c. each. Send your address and we will send the jewelry postpaid, when sold send us the $2 and we will positively send you the watch, also a chain for quick work. Write to-day
BOND JEWELRY CO., DEPT. 24, CHICAGO
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

A WOMAN'S OFFER TO WOMEN.

I have a first-class position to offer one lady in each locality. It is the opportunity of a lifetime whereby you can turn your spare time into money. The work is very pleasant and will easily pay $15 to $25 per week. It is a plain, straightforward, honest position I have to offer and if you really want to make money, write me at once.
Miss Mabel E. Rush, Box 208, Joliet, Ill.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

GENUINE DIAMOND
in appearance. The latest discovery and the only stone ever produced that PUZZLES THE EXPERTS. Perfect in cut and luster. Will send sample Ring, gents or ladies, or Solid Gold Set Stud by express C. O. D. You examine before you pay if not equal in appearance to a $150 stone don't take it. If O.K. pay agent $1.95 and charges. Agents make big money handling our goods.
CATALOGUE FREE.
NATIONAL JOBBING CO., 400 Trude Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MAGIC BILL BOOK!
An entertaining and useful article. Can be used as any ordinary pocket book. Sample by mail 15c.
AGENTS WANTED.
W. C. WATKINS & CO., Box 1505. Pittsburg Pa
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

The Better Half.

When the grandson of Jay Gould, the sons of the Count de Castellane, were visiting this country recently, they were shown a picture of the great financier, their grandfather. It was a half length portrait, and Bonif[illegible] one of the boys, after listening with [illegible] interest to what was told him of the [illegible]inal, looking at the picture, asked [illegible]

"W[illegible] all there was to grandfather?"

Evolution of the Folding Bed.

Mrs. De Flat—"Have you anything new in folding beds?"

Dealer—"Only this, madam, and it really is quite a success. On arising in the morning you touch a spring, and it turns into a washstand and bathtub. After your bath, you touch another spring, and it becomes a dressing case, with a French plate mirror. If you breakfast in your room, a slight pressure will transform it into an extension table. After breakfast, you press these three buttons at once, and you have an upright piano. That's all it will do, except that when you die it can be changed into a rosewood coffin."

No Use Borrowing Trouble.

Mrs. McCauber—"Here is a notice saying that if the bill is not paid, the gas will be shut off."

Mr. McCauber—"Let 'em shut it off. Who cares?"

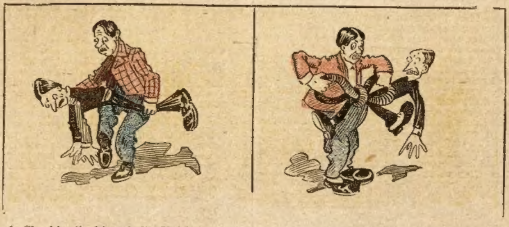
"But what will we do?"

"Put in electric lights."

"But in time the bills for them will come in."

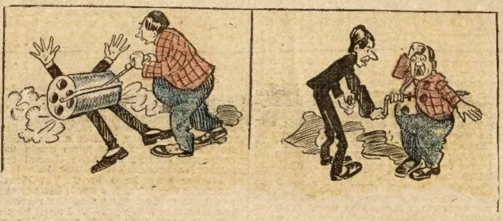
"Oh, well, perhaps something else will be invented by that time."

THE BRAVE RIVALS.



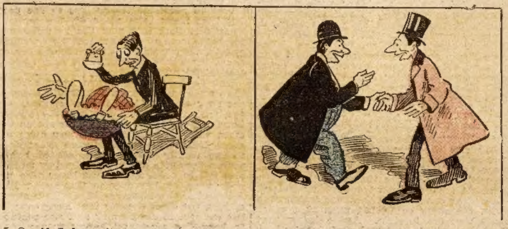
1. Checkly (in his mind)—Ugh! If I catch that dude Slimly I'll break him in two!

2. "Or if I have a few minutes to spare I'll tie him up into a bow knot!



3. "Or perhaps I'll make a doormat of him! Ugh!"

4. Slimly (in his mind)—If I catch that fat impostor I'll bore him full of holes!



5. Or if I haven't an auger handy I'll just make mincemeat of him!"

6. Both (when they actually meet)—"How do, old chap?"

One Good Board of Health.

Visitor—"You must have a remarkably efficient board of health in this town."

Shrewd Native (one of many)—"You are right about that, I can tell you."

"Composed of scientists, I presume?"

"No, sir. Scientists are too theoretical."

"Physicians, perhaps?"

"Not much. We don't allow doctors on our board of health—no, sir—nor undertakers, either."

"Hum! What sort of men have you chosen, then?"

"Life insurance agents."

Useless Efforts are Needless.

Mark Twain long ago arrived at the conclusion that it was a very serious thing to be a professional humorist. Recently a society youth, of the "Willie-off-the-yacht" sort, was introduced to the author.

"Aw, I say, Mr. Clemens, I think it must be awfully easy to be funny, don't you know?"

"It is, for you—unless you try to be," grimly replied the man who has made millions laugh.

Original Discovery.

Newton was propounding the law of gravitation.

"You see," he explained, "it is always the greater body that attracts the lesser."

"And did the apple show you that?" asked his enraptured audience.

"No," he replied, confidentially. "It was the fact that you always have to go downstairs to see the janitor."

Thus, for once, is it shown that the meanest forms of existence can be of use to mankind.

He Wasn't Prepared.

The Invalid—Don't you think I ought to take an ocean voyage for my health, doctor?

The Doctor—No, indeed. I think a series of mud baths would prove more benefical.

The Invalid—But really, doctor, I can't afford to enter politics and run for office.

AGENTS WANTED

MEN WANTED
to take orders for made-to-order suits from $8.50 up; and pants from $2.50 up, for spring and summer. WRITE NOW for full particulars, territory, terms and inducements. Large Commissions paid to good agents.
THE WARRINGTON W. & W. MILLS
DEPT. K, CHICAGO, ILL.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WE PAY $32 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rigs to introduce poultry compound. Year's contract. IMPERIAL MFG. CO., DEPT. 1 PARSONS, KANS.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

STARK TREES best by Test—78 YEARS. We WANT MORE SALESMEN PAY CASH Weekly Stark Nursery, Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N. Y.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WE PAY $33 a Week and expenses to men with rigs to introduce Poultry Compound. International Mfg. Co., Parsons, Kan.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$80 A MONTH SALARY and all expenses to men with rig to introduce our Guaranteed Poultry Remedies. Year's contract. Bank reference furnished. G.R.Bigler Co., X416, Springfield, Ill.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS Elegant 35c novelty; no chestnut; entirely new; attractive, ornamental, beautiful; hot seller; costs you 1 c; write for particulars now. ARTPRINT CO., Drawer B, PEKIN, ILL.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE TO AGENTS
CLEAN CUT CAKE TIN
Flat thin knife cuts loose a perfect cake. $2 Outfit free Exp. prepaid. Dept. A L
HOUSEHOLD NOVELTY WORKS, Chicago, Ill., or Buffalo, N. Y.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledge.

AGENTS If this ad. catches the eye of a live, ambitious party that desires to earn a handsome income write us for our Money-making Proposition selling Stereoscopic Photographs. Our agents are positively making from $5 to $15 daily above expenses. GRIFFITH & GRIFFITH. Address nearest office: 218 Abel Bldg., Chicago. 29.6 Diamond, t. Phila.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WANTED Reliable men in every locality to introduce our goods, tacking up show cards on trees, along roads, and conspicuous places, also distributing small advertising matter. Commission or salary $60.00 per month and expenses not over $2.50 per day. Steady employment to good men. No experience needed. Write for particulars. EMPIRE MEDICINE COMPANY, Buffalo, N. Y.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING Co., Box 1101. Detroit, Mich.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE GOLD WATCH
This watch has American movement fully warranted to keep correct time. The case is Solid Gold Plated, equal in appearance to a Gold Filled Watch warranted 20 years. We give it FREE to Boys and Girls or anyone for selling 20 pieces of our handsome jewelry at 10c each. Send your address and we will send the jewelry postpaid, when sold send us the $2 and we will positively send you the watch and chain.
ERIE MFG. CO., Dept. 57 Chicago
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Special Price Only.... 10c.
PITTSBURGH EGG SEPARATOR
It separates the white of the egg from the yolk without breaking the yolk. Necessary in all cooking where eggs are used. No kitchen complete without one. Price only 10c. for sample.
Agents Wanted. | W. C. WATKINS, Box 1505, Pittsburgh, Pa.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

EASILY EARNED
Why pay for a Talking Machine when you can get one for selling only 30 of our new fastest selling Fancy Articles! They sell quickly, having genuine value and merit. Send name and address, we will mail you postpaid and Trust You with 30 of our Specialties. Sell them at 10 cts. each. When sold, send us the $3.00 and we will forward a Talking Machine 20 Inches long. Uses either Columbia or Victor Disc Records. We will forfeit $100 to anyone who remits $3.00 and can prove we do not send a Talking Machine complete with 25 points, including a Comic Song. It reproduces songs, speeches, band music, etc., and can be used at all entertainments and concerts, in any size hall or room. It has piano finished base, with concert sound box and 14-inch metal Amplifying Horn. This machine is open for inspection at our offices. Send your order at once to
SAFE JEWELRY CO., 19 Warren St., New York.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BIG MAIL FREE!
POST OFFICE
Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an Agents' Directory List containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agents' Directory List for several years and refer to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address
AGENTS' DIRECTORY LIST,
INDIANA INDIANA COUNTY. PA.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicgao Ledger.

ONCT ON A TIME.

When night gits round an' supper's ate,
  Dad lights his pipe fer smokin',
An' gits th' newspaper an' sez
  To me, a kinder jokin':
"Now, Bob, I'll take yer wool off 'less
  You hurry up those slippers."
(He knows he couldn't, 'cause it's took
  A'ready with th' clippers.)

An' then he sets an' smokes an' reads,
  An' mother sets a-sewin',
A-makin' clo'es fer sister—s'prise
  You how that kid is growin'!
An' I jes' sorter wait aroun',
  A-hopin' dad's most through it,
'Cause then he'll tell me 'bout th' tale
  'T's got a giant to it.

"They ain't no news but polytiks,"
  Bimeby dad sez, a-yawnin',
"An' John Smith's paintin' of his fenct,
  An' Green's put up his awnin';
So then I climb up on his knee,
  An' he sez, "You young urchin,"
An' rubs his whiskers 'gainst my face,
  An' thinks I need a birchin'.

"But, wal," he sez, "onct on a time
  Was Jack th' Giant Killer——"
An' tells about th' dreffiest things,
  'T jes' plumb skeer a feller;
An' how Jack sworded off their heads,
  An' all th' blood 'twas makin',
An' Jim'ny Gee! when bedtime comes
  I sneak upstairs jes' shakin'!

—Leslie's Magazine.

A SOLDIER'S LUCK.

BY CAPTAIN BARCLAY.

Forty years ago Sergeant H—— enlisted in the United States Infantry. He was a young man of good family, but his associations in early life had led him to dissipation and dissolute habits. A mother's tears and a father's good counsel were alike unheeded and step by step he passed from a home of affluence to a life of debauchery and shame. Feeling his degradation most keenly, at times, in one of his hours of remorse he enlisted in the United States Army to get rid of his associates, and temptations for strong drink.

The infantry corps to which he belonged was then stationed some miles from Detroit. He enlisted as a private; but away from the evil influences of rum he became a faithful and obedient soldier, and in the course of two years was promoted to the rank of sergeant.

His colonel was a man of heart and feeling, and learning from the lips of his sergeant his early life and his weakness, he counseled him in the path of duty and right, and kept his pay for him until the balance sheet showed nearly seven hundred dollars in his favor.

"Colonel," said the sergeant one day, "what shall I do with my money now in your keeping? You know my weakness and you know how earnestly and manfully I have struggled against temptation. If it comes into my possession I fear I am lost. I learn that our corps has been ordered away; and cannot I make some investment here which you deem safe? And if I ever return I will have at least the principal left to me."

"I have endeavored to be your friend, Sergeant," replied the colonel. "Will you now follow the advice of a friend?"

"With Heaven's help I will," he replied, while a tear trickled down his bronzed cheek.

"Upon the suburbs of the growing city of Detroit," said the colonel, "is offered a tract of land for six hundred dollars. It must become very valuable in time, and may become so in a few years. Make the purchase. The money I hold for you will give you the deed and pay the taxes for some years to come. In a week we go to New Mexico, and if you live to return, your investment may have proved most profitable."

Sergeant H—— obeyed the advice of his colonel and friend. The purchase was made and duly recorded, and a month later he was with his corps on duty in New Mexico.

Detroit grew rapidly, and especially in the vicinity of the sergeant's purchase. New streets were being constantly opened, lots were in demand at almost fabulous prices, and inquiries were made by real estate speculators for the owner of the sergeant's purchase. His name was found on record, and letters came to him, offering him extravagant prices for his property. He consulted his tried friend always, who, with marked shrewdness, told him to retain the property. He had no use for the money. Furthermore, if it was worth that to others, it was worth the same to him.

The sergeant steadily refused all offers, while amazed at their magnitude. By good behavior he rose in the course of years from Sergeant H—— to Captain H——, and had won the great battle over the enemy of his youth. He was both a faithful and a temperate soldier.

Returning to Detroit, he found brick walls surrounding his purchase. Detroit had grown in power and wealth, and had spread its wings of brick and marble with amazing rapidity.

Captain H—— received an offer of two hundred thousand dollars for his six hundred dollar purchase, which was accepted, and he immediately resigned his commission in the army.

Chicago then was rising like a young giant and offered an inviting field for capital and speculation. Captain H—— invested the proceeds of his lucky purchase in lots in the now wonderful city, and the harvest proved rich in the extreme.

In one of the most fashionable streets of that city now lives, formerly Seregant H—— of the United States Infantry. He is honored and respected for his stern integrity, and zeal in the temperance cause. His friend and admirer now sleeps in an honored soldier's grave.

Hard to Tell.

"Who is that man over there in the front seat that scowls and mutters so during the performance?" asked Jaggsby of Witherby at the first night performance of a comic opera.

"Don't know," replied Witherby; "it's either the angel who is putting up for the production or a dramatic critic."

BORN IN MYSTERY;

Or, The Heiress of Claremont Hall.

By Libbie Sprague Phillips.

(Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.)

Begun in No. 42, Oct. 17. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

PART VII.

"I have won my treasure," said Charlie, as Major Claremont left the room, "and I am impatient to call it mine. Tell me, Marian, when may I claim my bride?"

"Not until the whole mystery of my birth has been cleared up, Charlie; when I can come to you with a name as good as your own, then I will be your wife. But what if the solving of this mystery should reveal the fact that, after all, my name is a disgraced and dishonored one?"

And again her eyes grew heavy with a look of pain.

Charlie laughed. "No fear of that, pet; your grandfather, evidently, is sure that he is right; but even if he is mistaken and your name proves to be a tarnished name, it will make no difference with me. I do not want your name, I want you."

"I know," she replied, with a mournful little shake of the head; "but your people would not recognize me any quicker then than they would now, and you, if you married me, would be disinherited just the same. Are we wise in being so happy tonight, I wonder? After all, I may never be your wife, perhaps we——"

The sentence was not finished, for Charlie interrupted her by pressing his lips to hers. "You shall not spoil this happy evening by talking in that way," he said, "you shall be my wife; nothing but death can part us."

Three weeks did Charlie Remington linger at Claremont Hall, and during that time Marian's face regained much of its lost bloom and radiance. True, a feeling of nervous dread would come over her at times, for they had heard no word as yet from the detective who was searching for her father's history, and she could not help an occasional fear that again the cup of happiness might be dashed from her lips.

But no such fear came to Charlie; and when the time came for him to return to his home, it was with the firm belief that everything would turn out as they wished, and that ere long he should come again to claim her as his wife.

After Charlie was gone the feeling of dread completely overpowered her, and a vague uneasiness seemed to hang over the household.

"Dear me, Auntie, I wish we could hear from that detective!" she exclaimed, one day, as she turned from the window, from which she had been gazing with a far-away look in her eyes, "I feel strange and restless as though something were about to happen—something terrible. Ah! when the green leaves have fallen, when the birds have flown and the flowers are dead and winter shall have come again, will it bring to me another bitter sorrow, or will the dark cloud be lifted entirely? I shall at least know my future by this; what is it to be, I wonder?"

"A joyous one, I hope," Agnes replied, as she bent and kissed her, at the same time trying to crush the rebellious feeling that would rise in her heart whenever the thought came to her that Ellis Deering's character would soon be the theme for gossip with every one in the village. But for Marian's sake she must endure it; indeed, she had grown to hope that her father was right, the story connected with that other name was too terrible. Agnes knew that Marian would be scorned and despised as the daughter of a murderer.

God save her from such a fate!

"I try to believe that there is only happiness in store for me," Marian replied, wearily, "and yet I am troubled by doubts and fears. I had a dream last night that worries me greatly—but first, I must tell you some news—Lottie Sherwood is going to be married the first of October."

"Lottie Sherwood to be married! To whom?"

"A gentleman in the West. It seems she became engaged to him when she was but seventeen. Soon after their engagement he was sent to Europe in the interest of some firm with which his father was connected. For some reason, his letters failed to reach her, and she, failing to hear from him, at length ceased to write, and had grown to look upon the engagement as broken. But about a month ago he returned from abroad, has learned where she is, and writes to tell her that he is coming to claim her for his wife. Several letters have passed between them, everything has been explained, and Lottie is gloriously happy."

"But the Doctor—poor old man! Is he to be again left alone?"

"It seems so. Lottie is to go to Indiana with her husband immediately after the marriage. It was of Lottie's wedding that I dreamed." And she shuddered as she recalled the strange vision of the night before.

"I have no faith in dreams," Agnes said, as she noted the serious look on Marian's face. "It seems to me that life is too full of real trouble for one to spend time in worrying over a dream, or in anticipating woes that may never be realized. Better live in the present, Marian, and deal with the future as it comes."

Marian shook her head. "That is against human nature," she said. "But, listen, Auntie, I dreamed that I dressed myself all in white for Lottie's wedding, as I am to be the only bridesmaid, and I carried a bouquet of pure white blossoms in my hand. When we got to the church, my dress had, in some mysterious way, changed its color, and I was robed from head to foot in deepest black. This caused me a feeling of alarm; then as I looked down I discovered that the flowers which I carrie[illegible]e covered with crimson spots. Ch[illegible]as by my side, and as he, too, notic[illegible]at had happened, he pointed to the [illegible] dyed blossoms and whispered, as h[illegible]ed his arms about me, 'Your heart's [illegible].' Oh, Marian!' The awful horror of [illegible]ought caused me to waken, but it seemed to me that those words were ringing in my ears even after I was wide awake, and all the morning I have been haunted by the thought that there is trouble in store for me. Auntie, that dream surely meant something.'

And although Agnes tried to laugh Marian's fears away, she, too, felt nervous and troubled, and her nervousness increased as time went on, and nothing occurred to brighten the poor girl's prospects.

But the excitement which the preparations for Lottie's wedding afforded caused Marian to at length forget her fears, and gradually the strange dread faded from her mind.

On the morning of the day before the wedding Lottie Sherwood came over for a farewell visit at Claremont Hall.

"I want you to promise me, Marian," she said, "that when you and Charlie are married you will come West on your wedding tour and visit me. I shall miss you terribly, I know; I wish you were going with me now."

"Miss me! Goodness! Have you any idea how I shall miss you? You are going back among old friends who will give you a joyous welcome, and with a happy home of your own your heart will soon be full; while I—oh, Lottie! you are the only friend I have, and when you go out of my life, you can form no idea what my life will be. I shall be so entirely alone. The scornful looks that were given me last Autumn at the few receptions that I attended caused me bitter sorrow, although I did not understand them; taunts and sneers now, after having learned why I have been sneered at, would kill me. After your wedding I shall never venture into the society of this place again until my mother's name has been cleared from seeming disgrace. I care not how lowly my father may have been, but Heaven hasten the day when his whole history shall have been made known and the record of their marriage made public. I shall become Charlie's wife, then, and, yes, Lottie, we will visit you on our wedding tour."

The morning hours passed swiftly away, all too swiftly for these friends, who were trying to reconcile themselves to the parting that must take place on the morrow. They felt that this was the real farewell, for later, when surrounded by wedding guests, they would have no chance for exchanging words of confidence and vows of eternal friendship.

But Lottie had to return home early in the day as the bridegroom would come on the four o'clock train that afternoon, and she wished to meet him at the station. Charlie Remington, who was to act as best man, was expected that evening also; and after Lottie had gone, Marian went down to the family sitting room, seated herself within the curtained recess of a bay window and fell to dreaming of the lover who was even then on his way to Claremont Hall. And as her mind became filled with thoughts of him, the dark shadow that hung over her life seemed to drift away, and she pictured to herself a glad and happy future spent with the man she loved so dearly, the man who had proved his love for her so nobly.

So busy was she with her thoughts that she did not heed the sound of the door as it was opened and shut and scarcely realized that any one had entered the room until the sound of voices fell upon her ears.

The heavy drapery of the window completely hid her from view, and Major Claremont, as he placed a chair for Agnes, had no idea that the words he was about to utter would be overheard by the girl whom he wished to shield from every sorrow.

"I have heard from that detective at last," he said, "and I am both astonished and horror-stricken at what he writes me. I do not understand it at all, but he seems to have obtained absolute proof that what he says is true."

Here the Major paused as though waiting for Agnes to make some remark, but words failed her. Had everything been made known at last; what was she about to hear?"

"Soon after he began to investigate the matter," the Major returned at length, "he learned that one Edgar Manning had, the same year of Marian's marriage, been tried for the murder of some old lady, found guilty and sentenced to death, and was killed in a railroad accident while being conveyed to the State prison at Sing Sing. As this was the only one of that name that he could get any trace of, he immediately set himself to work to learn what he could concerning him; and although he has found a number who were personally acquainted with the man himself, not one of them knows anything of his family connections. He never spoke of his own people, and while in prison awaiting his trial, nothing could induce him to reveal who or where they were. They described him as being a tall, dark, handsome man with eyes and hair as black as midnight. But he had a wife—a beautiful lady, they said—who used to visit him in the prison and weep over him in a

Another Shakespeare.

Manager—"Hoopla! I've got a play now that will take the town. Beats Ibsen all hollow."

Friend—"What's it about?"

Manager—"In the first act the characters are anarchists; in the second act they all become theosophists; and in the third act they all die of the black plague."

I CURE FITS

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

PROF. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 CEDAR ST., N.Y.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

INDIAN BEADS for fancy work; latest craze; 1000 only 25c. MAHI CO., Hartford, Ark.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FILL YOUR OWN TEETH with Dentaline. Stops pain and decay. Instructions free. Union Dental Co., Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

TELEGRAPHY Circular free. Wonderful automatic teacher. 5 styles. $2 up Omnigraph Co. 23-39 Cortlandt St. N.Y

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MOTHERS Enureaine cures Bed-wetting. Sample free. Dr F. E. May, Box 212, - [illegible]oomington, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

PILES Instant relief, final cure in a few days and never returns; no purge, no salve, no suppository. Remedy mailed free. Address C. J. MASON, Box 519, New York, N. Y.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WHISKEY. How to make fine Old Whiskey for less than 25c. a gallon, without a still. 60 other valuable formulas free. Sealed particulars for stamp. Hucstis & Co., Dept. B, Jersey City, N. J.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

916 CARDS NEW Sample Styles ENVELOPE, Silk Fringe 20 New Songs, 100 Rich and Racy Jokes, 1 Pack Fun Cards, 1 Escort, and 1 Acquaintance Cards, Standard Beau Catcher, &c. All for 2 Cents. CROWN CARD CO., B69, Columbus, Ohio.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

THIS RING GIVEN U

Solid gold finished, set with Rubies and Pearls, FREE for selling 4 of my large art pictures at reduced price of 25 cents each. All different. No trouble to sell these handsome art productions, 10 to 17 colors, originals cost $200 to $500. First four you meet will gladly take them at 25c to help you win the premium. Ring guaranteed worth many times this small service, but want to introduce my pictures at once. Send no money in advance. I TRUST you, and will send pictures of 4 different and beautiful scenes, all charges paid, immediately. Geo. Clark, Mgr. H. P. Co., 68 Washington St., Dept. 93 Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

SPANGENBERG'S
PRACTICAL
ARITHMETIC
Self Taught

ARITHMETIC SELF TAUGHT.

Do not despair because through neglect you have forgotten what you once learned about arithmetic. Prof. Spangenberg's New Method requires no teacher. 194 pages. Price 50 cts. Best book ever published. GEO. A. ZELLER, Pub., 19¼ S. 4th street, St. Louis, Mo. Established 1870.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$3 75
14 K
GENTS OR LADIES

DON'T BUY A WATCH

Until you have seen our genuine American 14 K. solid gold pattern, double hunting case Watch. Fully jeweled, stem wind and stem set, a perfect timekeeper, and absolutely WARRANTED for 20 YEARS. Cut this out and send to us with your name, address and express office, and we will send you for FREE EXAMINATION this beautiful watch with a handsome long Neck Chain for ladies, or Chain & Charm for gents. You examine same at express office and if as represented pay agent only $2.75 and Watch and Chain are yours. Remember, we pay all charges. Mention if Ladies or Gents watch wanted. If money is sent with order we also give a beautiful Santiago Diamond Ring Free. (Estab. 25 years.) M. STEIN & CO. Dep. 813, 334 Dearborn St. Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FALLING HAIR AND BALDNESS ABSOLUTELY CURED

There is but one way to tell the reason of baldness and falling hair, and that is by a microscopic examination of the hair itself. The particular disease with which your scalp is afflicted must be known before it can be intelligently treated. The use of dandruff cures and hair tonics, without knowing the specific cause of your disease, is like taking medicine without knowing what you are trying to cure. Send three fallen hairs from your combings to Prof. J. H. Austin, the celebrated Bacteriologist, who will send you absolutely free a diagnosis of your case, a booklet on care of the hair and scalp, and a sample box of the remedy which he will prepare specially for you. Enclose 2c postage and write to-day. PROF. J. H. AUSTIN, 540 McVicker's Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$30 OUTFIT for $10

FREE SAMPLES AND MEASUREMENT BLANKS.

We will make an up-to-date "suit" strictly to your measure, in latest English Sack Style for only $10, and give you the following Complete Outfit FREE Actual $30 value for $10, and you don't pay for it until you receive the suit and free outfit and find it just as represented. Send us your P. O. address and we send you FREE samples of cloth, tape measure and measuring blanks for size of suit, hat, shoes, shirt, etc., FREE!

A Suit of clothes Made to Measure of rich English Cassimere, Cheviot, Worsted or whatever you may select from samples sent you	$20 00
A Dunlap Block any shape Hat	2.50
A pair of Stylish Lace or Congress Shoes	2.50
A neat Percale Shirt	1.25
A pair of costly hand-made Cuff Buttons	1.00
Four Gold filled Shirt Buttons, Guaranteed	1.00
A neat four-in-hand Bow or Puff Tie	.50
A pair of good Fancy Elastic Webb Suspenders	.50
A Jap Handkerchief	.50
A pair extra quality Lyle Thread Socks	.25
$10 for this COMPLETE OUTFIT WORTH	$30.00

Write at once for Free Samples. Address CHICAGO MFG. & MDSE. CO. DEPT. 5. 87-89-91 Washington St. CHICAGO.

Ref. Metropolitan Trust & Savings Bank, Capital $760,000.00, or any Express Company in Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

broken-hearted way, assuring him over and over again that she believed in his innocence. When he showed them the portrait of Marian Blake they each one recognized it as Mrs. Manning, the wife of the wretched murderer. The poor fellow also had a friend who always accompanied Mrs. Manning when she visited the prison, and when shown the portrait of Ellis Deering, they recognized it as that of the friend, although they knew him by another name. If this is true, Agnes, and the detective says that he has obtained absolute proof that it is, then Marian Blake, instead of being the wife of Ellis Deering, as I have always supposed, was really the wife of Edgar Manning, a wretched, miserable, convicted murderer. I cannot see what we are to do. Poor Marian! If we seek to clear her mother's name from dishonor we must reveal her father's name which is disgraced, aye, and stained by the blackest of crimes! Better no name than a name like that!"

A sharp, piercing cry now greeted their ears; the heavy curtains which draped the windows parted and Marian, white and trembling, stood before them.

"Oh, Auntie!" she cried, wringing her hands in an agony of despair, "it can not be true! Grandpapa, tell me that it is not true! I can not bear it so; indeed, I can not!"

"My poor stricken child!" and the old man sprang to his feet and took her tenderly in his arms, "I did not mean that you should know this, Marian; how careless I have been! But we will not despair even yet. We will still hope. Perhaps we——"

He stopped suddenly, not knowing what to say. How could he bid her hope; for, alas! what was there to hope for now?

Marian felt this, and the words fell from her white lips in piteous tones, "There is nothing to hope for, Grandpapa, nothing!"

Agnes longed to comfort the sorrowing loved one, but how could she? Love, mighty though its power, cannot lift from the heart the awful burden of sorrow caused by disgrace, nor wipe away the time enduring stain. She felt that the long years of mental suffering which she herself had endured, keen and sharp though it had been, was nothing compared to what Marian had already and must yet experience. The momentary feeling of joy that had thrilled her heart at the thought that Ellis Deering had not been false in his love to her, now gave place to a feeling that was something like regret. Unselfishness had always been a characteristic of Agnes Claremont, and she now felt that she would gladly bestow the beloved name of Deering upon the suffering girl if she could, and thus lift the awful weight of grief which threatened to crush out the sweet young life.

For Marian refused to be comforted. Feeling that all was to end well, she had allowed herself to drink of the cup of happiness which love had held to her lips, and under the influence of that intoxicating cup, had dreamed of a joyous future, and—oh, the bitterness of the awakening! Love and joy must go out of her life now. What right had she to love, she, the child of a murderer!

The four o'clock train came in, bringing the expectant bridegroom and groomsman. The former was greeted by his waiting bride, who was radiant with joy and gladness; the other bent above a low couch on which lay the poor little bridesmaid with a a blanched face and bleeding heart, while the light of joy and gladness was shut out from her life forever.

The morning of the wedding day dawned fair and bright; the joyous notes of the wedding bells pealed forth on the flower-scented air, and the birds, that had not as yet taken their flight southward, sang their sweetest songs as though they had lingered with this one purpose in view. But, alas! the bride and bridegroom stood before the altar unattended and alone, and a troubled look that was sadly out of place on this, her wedding day, rested on the sweet face of the bride; for the dear friend who was to have stood by her side during this happy hour was ill unto death, and the dress of pure white satin which she was to have worn, bid fair to be her shroud.

But Marian did not die; even the boon of death was denied her. For many days she raved in wild delirium and the burden of her cry was that some one would blot out the foul stain from the name which fate had at last given her, and make it spotless and honorable; and that it might then be inscribed on the stone that marked her mother's grave, and thus free the beloved name of "mother" from even a suspicion of dishonor. Then there came a morning when she seemed to have a realizing sense of what was going on around her, but the December snow lay white upon the ground before she had regained sufficient strength to leave her room, and then it was but the ghost of the once light-hearted, laughing Marian that crept downstairs one day, and silent and pale, presented herself at the breakfast table.

Charlie Remington had lingered until she was out of danger, then he pleaded earnestly that she would be his wife at once, and thus give him the right to still remain and nurse her back to health and happiness.

But Marian sadly, yet firmly, refused to do so. "I cannot be your wife now or ever," she said, and the decisive tone in which she spoke the words caused Charlie to realize that it would be no easy task to persuade her to marry him now

Still he did not despair. "I shall wed you yet," he said, "in spite of everything; even your own determination to the contrary. I shall come again after you have grown stronger, then I will let you see how great is the force of my will. You shall be my wife then, Marian, and shielded by my mighty love, you shall sorrow no more."

How grand, how noble he was! No wonder that her breath came and went in short, uneven gasps as she turned her face away that he might not see the heart-break in her eyes.

"Oh, Charlie," she murmured, "do not speak so hopefully, when there is no hope. I thank you for the sacrifice you are so noble as to be willing to make for me; may God bless you as you deserve; but I shall never alter my decision. I can not, will not link my wretched life with yours. I love you too well!"

His face was very grave and sad, but nothing could quench the light of hope from his eyes. "I shall make you think differently when I come again," he said, and after he was gone, Marian, realizing how great would be the struggle to resist his pleadings, fell on her knees and prayed that God would give her strength to do so; she also prayed that he would give her strength to endure the long joyless years until ended in death.

She never answered Charlie's letters, although they came to her regularly and often, full of love and tenderness and comforting words.

"These letters are both a joy and a sorrow to me," she told Agnes one day. "I sometimes feel that I should become more resigned to my lonely life if he did not keep me so constantly reminded of his enduring love, thus causing me to realize how happy life might have been if fate had not willed it otherwise; then again if a letter is delayed [illegible] few days I find myself anxiously awa[illegible]its coming and wondering what I sho[illegible]f he should ever cease to write."

B[illegible]me himself at Christmas time. "It[illegible]t one year ago," he said, "that the [illegible] sorrow was first held to your lips, [illegible]ave drunk of its bitterness long enoug[illegible]rget it all, darling, and be happy now. For when the cold, dark winter is past and the birds have come back to gladden the earth with their songs, and the June roses are in bloom, you are to be my wife"

He stopped the words that rose to her lips by pressing kisses upon them. "Thus will I silence all your objections in the future!" he exclaimed. "Arguments are useless. You shall not ruin both your life and mine for a mere scruple. I love you alone of all the world. I shall never love any one else."

Her face lighted up with joy as she listened. It was sweet to hear such words from his lips, even though they could never be any more to each other than they were now. For nothing could shake her resolution—she must not be his wife. Then as she raised her glorious eyes to his face, he saw nothing within their shadowy depths but despair.

"You should not have come here again, Charlie. Do you realize how hard you are making it for me? We must part even if it breaks your heart and mine, and it will be unwise for us ever to meet again."

"But we shall meet again, my darling. I came this time purposely to make arrangements for our marriage." And during his visit he talked of the wedding day and made various plans as though everything had been settled in a satisfactory manner; and if Marian ventured to remonstrate, he heeded not her words.

"Charlie Remington," she said, one day, after he had made some remark in regard to their marriage, "I believe that you have taken leave of your senses altogether!"

"On the contrary," he replied, "I am just beginning to act in a sensible manner. If I had done as I ought, I would have had the marriage ceremony performed the same day on which your grandfather consented that you should be my wife. These scruples which you now have about your father's history would then have been of no avail."

"You could not have done so I never should have consented to such a thing."

"You do not consent now," he replied, laughing, "and yet, Marian, my darling, just as sure as there is a Heaven above us, if, we both live, on the twentieth day of June you are to be my bride!"

What was she to do? Often during the days that followed she asked herself this

(Continued on page fifteen.)

YOUR MONEY BACK
if you are not satisfied.

DO YOU SUPPOSE that a company with a capital of $500,000 00 paid in full, and the proud reputation of 37 years of continuous success, would make such an offer and not carry it out to the letter?

DO YOU SUPPOSE we would jeopardize our standing with the public and our chances of still greater success by failing to fulfil any promise we make?

DO YOU SUPPOSE we would make such an offer if we did not have the utmost confidence in the satisfying quality of our goods?

WE KNOW we can please you and save you money, for HAYNER WHISKEY goes direct from our distillery to you, with all its original richness and flavor, carrying a UNITED STATES REGISTERED DISTILLER'S GUARANTEE of PURITY and AGE and saving you the big profits of the dealers. That's why it's best for medicinal purposes. That's why it's preferred for other uses. That's why we are regularly supplying over half a million satisfied customers. That's why YOU should try it.

Direct from our Distillery to YOU.
Saves Dealers' Profits! Prevents Adulteration!

HAYNER WHISKEY
4 Full Quarts 3.20 EXPRESS PREPAID

We will send you FOUR FULL QUARTS of HAYNER'S SEVEN YEAR-OLD RYE for $3.20, and we will pay the express charges. When you receive the whiskey, try it and if you don't find it all right and as good as you ever drank or can buy from anybody else at any price, then send it back at our expense and your $3 20 will be returned to you by next mail How could an offer be fairer? We take all the risk and stand all the expense, if the goods do not please you. Won't you let us send you a trial order? We ship in a plain sealed case; no marks to show what's inside.

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Col., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. M., Ore., Utah, Wash. or Wyo. must be on the basis of 4 Quarts for $4.00 by Express Prepaid or 20 Quarts for $16.00 by Freight Prepaid.

FREE If you mention this paper with your order we will send you free a gold tipped glass and corkscrew.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo. Dayton, O. St. Paul, Minn. Atlanta, Ga.
DISTILLERY, TROY, O. ESTABLISHED 1866.

HAYNER'S
SEVEN YEAR OLD
RYE

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

1904 Sample Styles Hold-to-light [illegible] Fringe and [illegible] Escort Cards N° TRASH! CARDS
Genuine Cards, with A [illegible] Big outfit & finest Sample Book, ALL 2 CENTS. BUCKEYE CARD CO. Laceyville, Ohio
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

DETECTIVES
Shrewd men wanted in every community, to act under instructions: previous experience not necessary. Send for free book of particulars. Grannan's Detective Bureau, Cincinnati, Ohio.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$5.99 ELGIN, WALTHAM OR STANDARD WATCH Ladies or Gents size, stem wind and set.
WARRANTED 20 YEARS.
14k. Gold plate hunting-case, elegantly engraved. Fit for a king. No better watches made. Must be seen to be appreciated. Special Offer: Send us your name and address and we will send this watch by express C.O.D. with privilege of examination If found satisfactory pay the agent our special price, $5.99 and express charges. A guarantee and beautiful chain and charm sent free with every watch. Write at once as this may not appear again.
NAT. MFG. & IMPORTING CO., 334 Dearborn St., B.32, Chicago
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MENDING TISSUE
The WONDER of the Age. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents; 3 packages, 25 cents. Address Penn Publishing Co., Parnassus, Pa

FREE FARMS
The New Homestead law offers every man or woman a farm Free. Send 25 cents for new book containing the new homestead law and the name and location of every United States Land Office This book tells just where to go for free farms and exactly what to do and how to select the land in the states of Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Florida, Idaho Kansas, Louisiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, N Dakota, Oklahoma. Oregon, Utah, South Dakota, Washington, Wisconsin and Wyoming You will find in this book how to secure free a farm among the gold hills of Colorado, the timberlands of Washington, the prairie farms of the west, or for fruit farms in the south. Write at once inclosing 25 cents for this new book. W. C. WATKINS & CO., 710 Lewis Block, - - - - Pittsburg, Pa.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Our Holiday Offer:
THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE - Regular Price $1.00
THE TWENTIETH CENTURY HOME $1.00
(THE NEW HOME JOURNAL.)
BOTH FOR ONE YEAR $1.25.

The "Twentieth Century Home"
The New Woman's Periodical Issued from the Cosmopolitan Building at Irvington on the Hudson, by
JOHN BRISBEN WALKER
DAVID STROTHER WALKER
JAMES RANDOLPH WALKER
JUSTIN C. WALKER
HAROLD WALKER

On fine coated paper (toned), beautifully illustrated Contributed to by the world's most noted thinkers and most interesting writers. Physical Training, which means Beauty, Generous Thought, Grace and Goodness; Training of Women; Problems in the Lives of Wives, Husbands and Daughters; the Story of Women who Achieve; the kitchen laboratory; the fairyland of science; brief stories of real life; choosing one's life work; education within the family circle; the entertainment and recreation for the family,—these are a few of the subjects which will be treated in its pages.

What is Newest - - - if Best
What is Most Useful - - if New
What is Most Entertaining, if Helpful
What is Most Instructive - if Interesting
SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS FOR SAMPLE COPY
$1.00 a Year. 10 cents a Copy.

The Home of the Cosmopolitan and "Twentieth Century Home," Irvington, N. Y.

THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE $1.00 A YEAR. 10 Cts. A COPY.
FORCEFUL—ORIGINAL—UNAFRAID—IN ALL, ENTERTAINING.

THE COSMOPOLITAN occupies a position distinctly its own. While giving attention to fiction—50 short stories and one, or more, complete novels appear in its pages each year—it has a definite plan beyond that of entertainment. It may be likened to a great modern university with a million and a half student readers. A year's course embraces what is most important in the scientific field, what is most interesting in invention and discovery, what is most entertaining in travel and adventure, what is most valuable in the world of business.

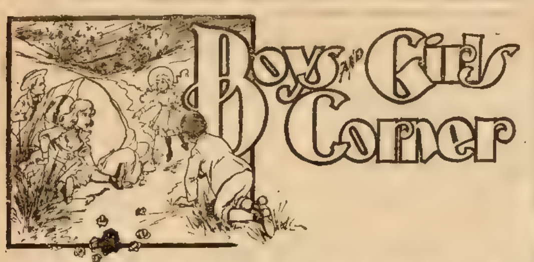
And especially in woman's field is it indispensable. The most careful selection is made to secure the real thinkers of the world as contributors to its departments of household organization and womanly education and progress.

A portion of each number is edited with reference to the woman of the world, another to the woman of the home, another to interest youth, and still another for the man of affairs, covering equally the clerk just starting in life and the captain of industry.

...H. G. Wells' semi-scientific story of adventure and the marvelious is now beginning in the Cosmopolitan.

Address, Sending $1.25 for our Holiday Offer, THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE, IRVINGTON-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.
Name.........................
Address.........................

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.



THE SUNKEN CANNON;

Or, HOW SAM PARKER MADE GOOD.

BY ORLANDO R. MORA.

Begun in No. 45, Nov. 14. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XXI.

A PROPOSITION TURNED DOWN.

"Bill's been drunk ever since the show," was Sam Parker's comment, when Lem told him of Brand's strange behavior in the shingle room. "He's pretty near got the jim-jams, an' that's all thar is to it. Ye did wrong to scare 'im about the saws a-singin' 'Bennie,' 'cause he don't know no more about Bennie, likely, than we do. No good ever comes o' keepin' sich wayward critters worked up. Now, Lem, I want to say somethin' to you."

They were sitting at the breakfast table, for it was Sunday morning, and for once in the week they had a little time in which to divert themselves in that way. 'Lizy was in the kitchen, and the three or four men who boarded in the family had gone to the barn to attend to the horses, to chew and smoke, and to tell stories.

"What is it?" asked Lem, suspiciously, for many a conference between the two that had been begun in about that way had led to trouble. "We might just as well come right to the scrap at once."

Sam was troubled and despondent—the loss of his boy was weighing heavily on his heart and mind—but he laughed, even with a cadence of good humor.

"Thar ain't goin' to be no scrap, Lemuel," he said, "leastways, not unless you make one. Now Bennie's gone, an' I ain't got no real boy o' my own no more, I want you to call yourself Lem Parker—not Lem Shelton. Thar ain't no Sheltons round here. Thar is a pretty prominent man—one o' the comin' men—named Parker. Ye don't owe nothin' 'cept jist yer breath to no one named Shelton. Ye owe a good deal to the Mr. Parker I'm a-talkin' about, which is me—me!" He tapped his swelling breast several times with the tips of the fingers of his right hand. "Now, Lem, will ye do this much for me? Just agree to answer to the name o' Lemuel Parker, and don't never admit to nobody that ye ever heard the name o' Shelton?"

"But everybody knows my name," argued Lem. "It wouldn't do no good for me to try to deceive 'em. They'd laugh at me."

"No; they wouldn't, Lem. They don't care what ye call yourself, an' they'll fall into callin' ye Lem Parker easy enough. Besides our sarcumstances is goin' to change; I'm a-goin' to be a railroad superintendent, an', of course, I'm a-goin' to push you ahead—as my son, I mean. I wouldn't think o' makin' ye anything less 'n a conductor."

"You a railroad superintendent? You, Sam Parker? Me, a conductor?"

The boy's face did not express half of his wonderment and incredulity.

"Yes, jist imagine yerself jist a-wavin' yer hand an' a long train o' cars a-startin' an' a stoppin' at yer behest. Didn't ye never envy them conductors, Lem? I have, many's the time."

"An' you," said Lem, laughing, "you jist imagine yerself a wigglin' yer finger an' a hull big railroad doin' yer biddin'—the ties all untyin', the sleepers all wakin' up, the frogs all hoppin' an' holerin', an' all the curves cuttin' up, an' all the cuts cuttin' curves. Jest picter that in yer mind's eye, Sam Parker, an' imagine yerself the ring-master o' the hull circus. Won't it be grand?"

He saw Sam's face redden and laughed again in the very exuberance of boyish raillery.

"Wall," said Parker, "it's comin' to pass."

"An' who's goin' to bring it to pass?" asked Lem, curiously. "Say, Mr. Parker, what's the use o' yer foolin' with sich a job as railroad superintendent—a man o' your git-up-an'-git? W'y, it's ridicklis! Why don't ye jist be President of the United States? Then ye could 'p'int me chief justice o' that Benighted Snakes Submarine Court the faker was a-talkin' about. When ye git thar, Sam, I'll be glad to call myself yer son."

"Lem," Parker said, apparently with scarcely a suspicion that Lem was making fun of him to his face, with such evident seriousness had the boy spoken, "Mr. Tunker is a better man than I am, an' if he was here he'd warn ye ag'in too much worldly ambition. Some men, even greater—in some ways—than I am, have tried to git into the White House an' have failed. Think o' Webster an' Clay an' curb your aspirations. Thar's only one United States to be President of, an' only one man can be President of it at a time. That cuts a lot of other good men out. Thar's lots o' railroads. Each one has to have a superintendent, an' I'm goin' to be superintendent o' one of 'em. Mr. Rustler's a-goin' to fix me all up. I've paid 'im two hundred dollars to do it. D'ye foller me?"

"I shan't foller ye fur after Lord Rustler, unless I foller ye to the poorhouse," said Lem, acrimoniously. "I'm jist goin' to stick to my own name an' my own schemes, an' I'm goin' to come out all right."

CHAPTER XXII.

STICKING TO HIS BARGAIN.

"Lem," answered Parker, angrily, "I'm disapp'inted in ye. Yer a showin' yerself ungrateful, don't ye think so, now?"

"How can I tell?"

"But you ought to be able to jedge. I s'pose ye've got a conscience."

"Yes, I s'pose so, but before I throw any fits bein' grateful to you, Sam Parker, I'll have to find out what I'd a' had if ye'd let me know about my folks. Maybe some of 'em is somethin' bigger'n a railroad superintendent, 'specially railroad superintendents without any railroads to superintend. Show ev'thing out fair an' square an' then mebby we can talk about my takin' yer name. Ef the Shelton name is less desirable 'n yourn, of course, I want yourn or some other one. Do ye foller me, Mr. Parker?"

"Fur enough to know that you're awful self-seekin' an' ungrateful an' ungenerous—fur enough to be sure that you'd gladly take my name if I was really a railroad superintendent, even if ye spurn it now. Parker ain't a bad name. My Uncle Zeke had a big book that was writ about 'em by a man in England. Ye ought to read up about 'em, Lem. It's a name to do ye proud. We won't talk no more 'bout this matter now. I'm goin' to study on some important b'is'ness I've got with President Rustler, an' maybe Mr. Lathers, early tomorrow mornin'."

"Better leave them be," said Lem. "They're bound to bite ye sooner or later."

"I'll bring that matter up ag'in later," said Parker, ignoring the lad's shrewd warning.

"Please don't," replied Lem. "It's always goin' to be a painful subject atween us, 'specially to you."

"Humph!"

That was Sam Parker's reply and parting word as he went out to the kitchen of his part of the long, low double house, there to come face to face with 'Lizy, who was washing dishes and singing, softly:

"Jesus knows all about our struggle."

"Sam," she said, "I want to go to meetin' this mornin'. Will ye take me? This losin' Bennie kin o' draws me back that way, an' I hope it'll be the means o' settin' you to thinkin' more about good things. I didn't like to go 'n' leave ye alone home, Sam, an' my stayin' away from preachin' an' prayer meetin' so long has kind o' got me into the cold an' beggarly elements o' the world. I want to git in an' set ag'in by the Lord's fireplace and at the Lord's table—I'm that cold and famished spiritually. Mr. Tunker's folks is goin', Sam, for it's quarterly meetin', an' we can all go together. Say, Sam, will ye go with me? Zeb was tellin' me 'bout yer promise to him an' the Lord at Baddison."

"I ain't goin' to break no promises I made thar," answered Parker. "But the Lord has to do somethin' first. He has to send us back our Bennie alive an' well. If He don't, Samuel Parker, with all his standin' in the community an' with all his influence, is goin' to turn loose on the devil's side. Seems to me this ought to 've been taken into consideration when I was lookin' for Bennie. No, 'Lizy, I ain't goin' to no meetin's jest yet. If you want to go an' pray fer me to git some kind of a square deal, all right. As for me I'll stay right here an' study about the railroad bis'ness."

"What's thar to study about, Sam?" asked 'Lizy, not unkindly. "It'll be time enough for ye to be worryin' yerself about them big affairs after ye git 'em in hand. But thar's even more important things for ye to think about now, an' ye've got the time to give to 'em. If your ambition is gratified, maybe ye won't have no time for anythin' else but the railroad by an' by. Sam, I want to meet—I want for us both to meet our Bennie in Heaven. You do, too, don't ye, Sam? Say ye do, Sam."

Her pleadings and her misery were lost on him. He had but one thought in his mind as he listened to her. To him it was an honest thought, even though it was a hopeless one, and her tears could not make him forget it. Even the fact that a woman's tears always hardened his heart did not make his answer harder now. He was even tender with her.

"'Lizy," he said, throwing an arm about her as she did not remember him to have done for a long, long time, "it won't do us no good to look for Bennie in Heaven, for the circus ain't the door to that place, nohow."

"But the church is," she said, brokenly. "Come with me today, Sam."

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS Premium Offer

You buy 6 Cases, 24 Full Quart Bottles, of "Old Maid" Whisky and we will present you with

4 QUART BOTTLES FREE!

4 Full Quarts (7 Years Old) $3.20
4 Full Quarts (10 Years Old) $3.85

EXPRESS PREPAID.

2 sample bottles of our 14-year-old goods Free with every order of 1 case of 4 quarts; or if you want a sample bottle to try, we will ship you (once only)

1 Full Quart 10-year-old Express Paid for $1.00

"Old-Maid" Whisky

Is th[illegible] stuff made in old Kentucky aged in wood and bottled at Reg[illegible] Distillery No. 47, under Government inspection. There is no [illegible] goods at any price. It is absolutely pure and unadulterated. Have a "Merry Christmas" and a "Happy New Year" with us! Take advantage of our Free Christmas Offer now so as to receive the goods in time for the holidays. This Special Offer is only good until January 1st, 1904. Your money back if the goods don't suit.

The Orene Parker Co. Distillers, 26 Pike St., Covington, Ky.

References: Any Bank in Kentucky. Orders for Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah, Washington, Wyoming, must call for 6 gallons by freight prepaid.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger

ALL EYE DISEASES cured at patients own home by the Oneal Dissolvent Method without possibility of injury. Cataracts, Optic Nerve Troubles and all other causes of Blindness cured. Mrs. S. C. Willard, Libertyville, Ill., blind 20 years with cataracts, cured. References in all parts of the world. Cross-Eyes Straightened in two minutes. Dr. Oneal's advice, opinion and illustrated book FREE.

OREN ONEAL, M.D., Suite 915, 52 Dearborn St., Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MENDING TISSUE

The WONDER of the Age. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents; 3 packages, 25 cents. Address Penn Publishing Co., Parnassus, Pa.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger

LUCKY "7" PUZZLE

$1000 TO OUR LUCKY READERS FREE!

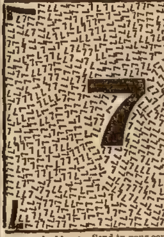
In the square below are a lot of figure 7s. They are all jumbled up and mixed together so that they are hard to count. The idea of the puzzle is to count the number of figures in the square. Every reader of this paper has a chance to win a prize. We know that very few persons will count the exact number, but we not only give prizes to the person who counts correctly but also to 1244 other persons who come nearest to the correct number. With this number of chances every person who answers this offer has a chance to get a prize. The person who counts the exact number of figures in the square gets $200, the person who comes the nearest gets $100, the next $50, the next $20, the next $10, and the next 1240 persons in the contest get presents, the average value of these presents is 50 cents each.

In case two or more persons are tied for one prize then the prize is equally divided. There is no guess work in this puzzle. It is simply a test of your ability to count figures correctly. Every figure is shown plainly but the figures are mixed up so that it takes a lot of patience and care in order to count them correctly. This contest closes Thursday evening, December 31st, at 5 p. m., and no answers sent after that time will be counted.

The publishers of WOMAN'S WORLD have a paid capital of $1,000,000. We own our own paper mill, printing plant, and twelve-story office building. We always do exactly as we agree, and in dealing with us you are dealing with one of the largest and oldest publishing houses in Chicago.

The Lucky "7" puzzle is to advertise the WOMAN'S WORLD which already has a circulation of over 800,000 copies each month. The subscription price is only 25 cents a year. The magazine is printed on book paper, profusely illustrated in colors. It has a lot of information and departments, dramatic news, household hints, puzzles, fashions, young folks' departments and splendid stories by prominent writers. We want to reach the million mark as soon as possible, and the low subscription price of 25 cents a year is an inducement that makes it possible for everyone to subscribe and get the best monthly in the world for the price.

HOW MANY FIGURES IN THIS SQUARE ?



Every one entering this contest must send in 25 cents for a year's subscription, which entitles you to register one count in the contest. Or if you send 50 cents you will get four year's subscription to the WOMAN'S WORLD and be entitled to four counts. If you are already a subscriber you may enter the contest just the same, and your new subscription will be added to your present subscription. You can also get your friends to subscribe and increase your number of chances to win prizes.

By next nearest we mean the next nearest above or below the correct number. In case one person should send in a count of one more than actually correct and another sent in a count of one less than actually correct they would tie for the prize of next nearest, and so on with the next nearest. A tie for the prize means the prize will be divided equally among those who are tied for the prize.

The counts must be filled in on the blanks below. Write your count plainly, also your name and address. Send in your count as soon as you have made it. You may send in as many as you pay for according to the offer.

CONDITIONS.—Each person must count the number of 7s in this square and fill in the count in the proper space. For example, you will fill in "1st count 726," and if you send in four counts fill in the other spaces in the blank. No person employed by the WOMAN'S WORLD, or any resident of the city of Chicago is allowed to compete for the prizes. No one knows the number of 7s in the square. The count will not be made until after the first of January, 1904, when the figures will be counted by a committee and the correct answer will be given. Then all the counts sent in by subscribers will be compared and the prizes awarded. The paper and receipt will be sent as soon as possible. Remember that it takes some time to properly enter subscriptions, and to take care of the large mail we receive daily, so if you do not hear from us at once do not be alarmed. No counts will be changed after they are received by us. Remit by Post-office or Express order, or registered letter. Counts must be in our office before 5 p. m., December 31st, 1903. If you send 25 cents write your count in the first space. If you send 50 cents write a count in each of the four spaces. Twenty-five cents entitles you to one year's subscription and one count; 50 cents entitles you to four years' subscription and four counts. If you are already a subscriber your subscription will be extended. The subscription blank is made so that you can answer either for one or four counts. Cross out the word "four" if you send one count, or cross out the word "one" if you send four counts. Extra blanks will be furnished free upon request. Remember we are a responsible concern and that the prizes will be faithfully awarded; also remember there is no guess work about the matter. It is simply a test of patience and correctness.

HERE ARE THE PRIZES:

Each person answering this contest must fill in the blank below and state the number of figures in the square.

1	Prize for correct answer	$200
1	Prize for nearest correct answer	100
1	Prize next nearest	50
1	Prize next nearest	20
1	Prize next nearest	10
1240	Prizes of presents average value each 50 cts.	620
1245	Prizes amounting to	$1000

In case two or more persons send the same count and are entitled to a prize then the amount of the prize is divided equally.

Fill Out This Subscription and Count Blank.

WOMAN'S WORLD, Boyce Building, Chicago:

Enclosed find 25 cents / 50 cents for one / four year's subscription to WOMAN'S WORLD, which entitles me to one count / four counts in your Lucky "7" Puzzle contest. I register my one count / four counts in the blank below. Yours truly,

Name.................................

Street, P. O., or Rural Route.................................

Town.................................

State.................................

1st Count.	2nd Count.	3rd Count.	4th Count.

NOTE.—Simply write in your count in figures.

Address WOMAN'S WORLD, Boyce Bldg., Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

"Not today, 'Lizy. Maybe not ever," he answered, turning away. "Don't bother me."

CHAPTER XXIII.

"SIT DOWN, MR. PARKER."

Monday morning, bright and early, Sam Parker presented himself at the store of Mr. Lathers. Mr. Lathers had not yet put in an appearance and the prospective railroad superintendent had to wait. He passed the time agreeably enough listening to a warm political argument between Jimmy Seward—one of the village shoemakers—and Professor Julius Caesar Gaylord, principal of the Larnsville school.

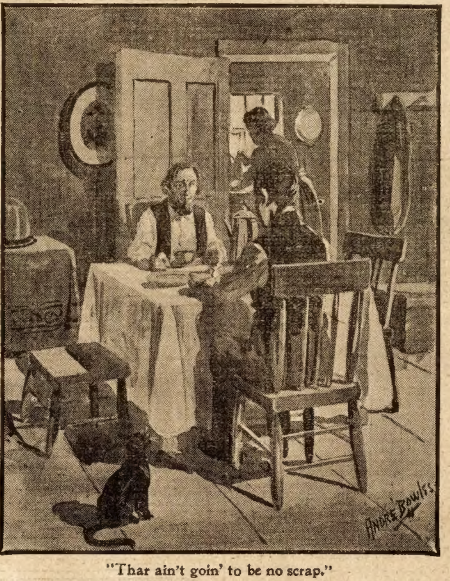
Mr. Seward was a Republican, and, consequently, his claims received little consideration from Parker. Professor Gaylord was a Democrat, and that fact alone would have made him Parker's favorite in the verbal contest. The contestants were both little men, neither weighing more than a hundred and a quarter, and Professor Gaylord was the heavier of the two.

Seward was Irish, smooth-shaven, wiry, gesticulatory, and with a reputation as a political wrangler to sustain. He had sharp, black eyes that seemed to burn under heavy, bushy, overhanging eyebrows. He was clad simply and inexpensively as becomes an artisan, a plain man of the people who was not more proud of being an American citizen than of his Celtic origin, an argumentative patriot who had never risked his life on the battlefield or by calling any disputant foeman a liar.

Professor Gaylord, who had not been long in town, had a reputation to make. He was even better informed than his opponent; he was somewhat accustomed to public speaking; he used his tongue and his arms with equal facility and had a way of stating a proposition that placed it beyond argument except to a very self-confident and foolhardy person—such a person as his shrewd knowledge of human nature told him Seward was. He was an American, a smart-looking man, with Dundreary whiskers, blue glasses and a silk hat that had a certain importance because it was the only head covering of its kind at Larnsville except that worn by some representative of the clerical profession.

If Seward's voice was loud, Gaylord's was louder. If Seward was determined, Gaylord was more so. If Seward was strong in argument, Gaylord was stronger. If Seward showed a disposition toward personalities, Gaylord met him more than half-way. He was able to do it because he had been in town just long enough to learn a good many things about the shoemaker, while the latter knew next to nothing about the teacher. It was rarely that a Republican got the worst of it in a corner grocery discussion in Larnsville. Even less frequently had Seward found his match in assertiveness, in repartee and in vituperation, great factors in some men's reputation for smartness in country towns. The atmosphere of the store was blue with such epithets as "fool," "dolt," "crazy-man," "black Republican," and "copperhead Democrat."

Seward left the store followed by the laughter of Democrats and Republicans and vowing vengeance on Gaylord, and in a way Gaylord was hailed by the crowd as one who knew how to take care of himself and whom it would be wise to permit to attend to his own business in his own way. As Seward passed out, Mr. Lathers came in, greeting Gaylord, Parker, and the others pleasantly, and he joined in the laugh at the shoemaker's discomfiture in a way that convinced the watchful Gaylord, who was not yet well acquainted with the merchant, that the latter's sympathies were usually with the victorious unless his own interests were involved to his loss.



"Thar ain't goin' to be no scrap."

Parker, who was the most serious man in the crowd, soon led Lathers into the latter's office, behind the railing and the high desk at the rear of the store, and surprised him by saying, abruptly:

"I want to take up that note."

"What?" asked the merchant, astounded.

"I want to take up that Rustler note—the two hundred dollar note."

"But you needn't hurry about that."

"Well, I want to pay it."

"But it's for long time and on good interest, and I'd rather have you let it run. Besides, I don't see how you can pay it, Mr. Parker."

"It's jist because o' that good interest an' long time that I want to git it out o' my way. Besides, I'm able to pay it, for things have been comin' my way a leetle, in spite o' my trouble losin' my boy."

"I don't understand it," declared Mr. Lathers in the manner of a man who has come to believe that he is privileged to know his neighbors' business affairs in their minutest d[illegible]ils. "One might think you already a [illegible]ad superintendent from the airs you [illegible]," he added, ill-naturedly. The loss o[illegible] interest, computed at an unlawful [illegible]on absolutely good paper, was galling [illegible]im.

"I ain't [illegible]' on no airs that I can't pay for," was [illegible]er's incisive reply.

"Then pay up your old running account. It amounts to most a thousand now."

"I'll do it when I agreed to—after I sell my lumber—that's time enough for me an' for you. Now, Lathers, unlock yer safe an' git out that note.

"I can't do it—it isn't there."

"Not thar?"

"No."

"Whar is it, then?"

"At Quillington's Bank, down to Dorning."

"Didn't ye think it 'ud be safe enough here?"

"It would have been safe here, of course," replied Lathers, "but the fact is, I put it up to back a bank note of my own. If you are bound to pay it, I'll get it for you if you pay over the money, or you can go down to Dorning and pay the cash to Quillington and get the obligation."

"Now, I'll tell ye what you do," said Parker, slowly. "You write down to Quillington this mornin'. He'll send the note up this evenin' an' I'll take it up then. Can't ye do that?"

"Yes."

"I'm goin' now to see Mr. Rustler," said Sam. "D'ye s'pose he's up?"

"He don't get up till pretty near noon," answered Lathers, looking at Parker, thoughtfully. "Say, if you can command capital, I can tell you how to handle it right. Sit down, Mr. Parker."

CHAPTER XXIV.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

As Sam Parker walked back along the river road toward the Neoga Mill that evening, with the redeemed note in his pocket, he congratulated himself thus:

"I didn't let Lathers find out anything about me that I wasn't perfectly willin' to have 'im know. My payin' o' the note an' my mysterious talk have made my stock wuth more with him than it ever has been before. That Rustler's a planner an' a bluffer. He don't pan out an ounce but he promises ten million tons. I kind o' see that railroad scheme shapin' up an' I can git into enterprises with Lathers if I want to. So with Lathers to help me make money today an' Rustler to help me make it in the future, I'm on the straight road to success, 'specially as I can depend on my little income an' can git a good ten thousan' in

Kentucky's Great Whiskey

"I found you had adopted the very best and most approved methods for producing the highest grade of whiskey."—Statement from Hon. D. N. Comingore, (for eight years U. S. Collector of Internal Revenue, 6th District of Kentucky.) We refer to the following Nat'l Banks: First, German, Citizens, Farmers & Traders, all of Covington, Ky.

1817—FULTON—1903

DIRECT FROM DISTILLERY TO CONSUMER, EXPRESS PREPAID.

Persons are deceived who accept reckless and extravagant claims made by advertisers. We invite the most rigid investigation of the following facts. We own and operate U. S. Registered Distillery, No. 22, Sixth District of Kentucky. Myers' offices and shipping warehouse are located on the public square, opposite the U. S. Government building. Because of the unequaled

MEDICINAL QUALITIES

of Fulton whiskey, due to being absolutely pure, fully matured, mellow, of delicious taste and agreeable odor, we have for many years supplied thousands of households, prominent Clubs, Institutions and Hospitals, such as the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad Hospital, the Ogdensburg, N.Y. Hospital, the Missouri State Hospital, and many others to whom we will refer you. We ship, all express charges prepaid, securely boxed, with no indications of contents, *two gallons,* of Fulton Whiskey, either Rye or Bourbon, or one gallon of each, in Myers' Patent Glass Demijohns for **$5.00.** Or, if you prefer,

send no money

EXPRESS PAID. FULTON WHISKEY MYERS PATENT GLASS DEMIJOHN 2 GALLONS IN DEMIJOHNS BOXED $5 OR FOUR FULL QUARTS $3 FULTON WHISKEY MYERS & CO. SHIPPED IN 2-3-4-4½ & TWO 1½

with two gallon $5.00 order, as we will gladly ship on terms of 30 days to persons who will have their Bank or responsible merchant guarantee their account. We make these terms to convince you of the superior quality of Fulton Whiskey. Minors need not answer. If not pleased, return at our expense, and all money will be refunded. *Four miniature bottles selected reserve Fulton* will be sent **FREE** to those who remit with each two gallon order.

Trial orders for one gallon are shipped, express prepaid, in four full quart bottles, or Myers' Patent Glass Demijohns *on receipt of* **$3.00.** Return if not pleased and all your money will be refunded.

Send for "A Fair Customer"—a booklet of History about whiskey, illustrated, **FREE.** Address—

MYERS & COMPANY,
Warehouse No. 172,
COVINGTON, KY., U. S. A.

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Col., Mont., Ida., N. Mex., Nev., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for six gallons by freight prepaid. Write for express terms.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

6 Attractive Pamphlets

Issued by the Passenger Department Missouri, Kansas & Texas Ry., viz.: "Texas," "Indian Territory," "The Golden Square," "Trade Follows the Flag," "Business Chances," and "To Old Mexico"—tell the tale of prosperity and progress in The Great Southwest.

Any or all of the above will be sent free, on request. Address

"KATY," - St. Louis, Mo.

THE MK&T

When Writing Mention The Chicgao Ledger.

A GENUINE 21 JEWELED $50.00 GOLD WATCH $3.75

looks no better and is no better timekeeper than this elegantly engraved DOUBLE HUNTING CASE Watch fitted with a STEM WIND and STEM SET, high-grade, accurate RUBY JEWELED movement,

GUARANTEED FOR 25 YEARS

We will send you for FREE EXAMINATION if you send this ad. and write if you desire a ladies' watch with "Gold" lorgnette chain or a gent's watch with vest chain. You examine the watch at your express office and if as represented, pay $3.75 and express charges and they are yours.

RELIABLE WATCH CO. Dept. 275 Chicago

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

20th CENTURY WONDER BOOK 2nd EDITION

This book contains hundreds of wonderful things such as Fortune-telling, Puzzles, Dreams, Charm Omens, Lucky Signs, Astrology, Verses, Love Tokens, Physiology, Psychology. It is filled with valuable things. Don't buy fakes. This is the genuine. One book by mail, postpaid, 10 cents, 3 for 25 cents. Address

BLADAN LEJUR,
Room 401,
Boyce Building,
CHICAGO, ILLS.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

VIRGINIA FARMS!

Improved farms can be bought cheaper, value considered, in Virginia and the South than anywhere else in America. Northern farmers are buying the lands rapidly and are delighted with their bargains. They find the land admirably adapted to grain, cattle and fruits. We have sold more farms in Virginia to Northern men during the last year than in all other States combined. The climate is delightful. Good markets are convenient.

A Few Among Many Bargains.

No. 770. Ten Miles From Fredericksburg—339 acres; four miles from depot. Residence, cost $5,000; is a two-story building, wide halls, high ceilings, wide stairways, handsome porch. Land slopes in every direction from the house; can see ten miles in any direction. Barn, 30x35, other good buildings. Apple trees, peaches and other fruit. Farm is well watered, 240 acres cultivated, balance woods, all smooth land, 100 acres river bottoms. Price $5,000, one-third cash.

No. 1,035. On the Staunton River—A charming old Virginia mansion and an excellent farm, 940 acres; about 300 acres river bottoms, the soil being of great depth and fertility. Brings maximum crop of corn, timothy, clover, etc. About 600 acres cultivated; and 340 acres in woods; buildings of various kinds. The farm is well watered, and is one of the very best bargains in Southern Virginia; location healthy; good society. Price, $15,000; one-third cash.

No. 1,159. Charlotte County—900 acres. This is a charming old homestead; one of the best farms in the entire county. Large, handsome brick residence, eight rooms and halls; three hundred acres are fine bottom lands, 300 cleared uplands, and 300 forest; seven tobacco barns and many other buildings. Is two and one-half miles from depot and county seat. Price, $12,000.

We have many other elegant farms and country seats in Virginia and other States. Small catalogue free. Large catalogue entitled "Virginia and Carolinas Illustrated," for 25c. This has description of hundreds of farms, with photographs of buildings and crops. Finest farm catalogue published. Address,

THE AMERICAN LAND CO., - 39 Kelly Building, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

To Ledger Readers.

Thousands of persons seeing The CHICAGO LEDGER are anxious to receive it regularly and we are making a very liberal offer. The annual subscription to the Weekly CHICAGO LEDGER is $1.00, and everyone who sends in $1.00 within the next 30 days for a year's subscription will receive FREE a KING CAMERA with Complete Outfit for developing and printing pictures, including Silver Paper, Trays, Plates and all necessary Chemicals. We send the CAMERA FREE and prepay charges on it.

Remember you get The LEDGER for a year for $1.00. This is 52 weeks. THE CAMERA IS FREE. This is a magnificent offer, allowing you to get all the fine Continued Stories. The offer is good for 30 days from date of this paper.

The CHICAGO LEDGER is distinctly in the line of Progress. As a purveyor of Romance and Entertaining Literature it has no superior. No other American Story Paper illustrates its matter so profusely or with such care; no other periodical devoted to fiction and humor goes to the expense of using color work generally in its pages, as is done in THE LEDGER. Improvement is manifest in the quality of the stories published, and this improvement will continue. The new form of the LEDGER, sixteen pages instead of eight, makes it convenient to preserve the fascinating novels which appear in its pages, both for yourself and your friends. By sending us $1.00 you get the LEDGER for one year and the KING CAMERA, which is a first-class CAMERA IN ALL RESPECTS. It takes pictures 2 inches by 2 inches in size and is complete and ready for use. Embrace this splendid opportunity at once while the offer is open. Address,

CHICAGO LEDGER, BOYCE BUILDING, CHICAGO

Free Help to Sick Women

A WONDERFUL MEDICAL DISCOVERY THAT CURES WOMEN OF DISEASE AS IF BY MAGIC SENT FREE.

I want every woman, old or young, who suffers with any disease peculiar to women, to write me at once and I will gladly send you free this wonderful treatment that has startled all medical science with its marvelous cures. For some time I have been curing my lady friends and neighbors of diseases that had been pronounced incurable, and were apparently beyond all human aid, and I now offer this marvelous treatment to the women of America Free. If you have falling of the womb, leucorrhœa, cancers or tumors or any kind of female disease; if you are weak, nervous, have palpitation or any affections of the heart; if you are constipated, have liver, kidney, stomach or bladder trouble; if you have rectal ulcers, blind or bleeding piles—no matter what your ailments may be, I can cure you. All you need do is write me fully what your ailments are and I will send by mail, absolutely free of any cost to you, the medicine you need. Do not suffer another day but write me at once. Address,

THE NOBLEST CALLING OF THEM ALL
LOOK UP · LIFT UP

ANNA MAY BURRELL, Box 117, Kokomo, Ind.

LIQUOR habit cured. Send your name on a postal card for sample by mail. **226, Albion, Calif.**

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MAGIC DIP NEEDLE for locating gold and silver ore, lost or hidden treasures. Book and testimonials free. P. & M. AGENCY, PALMYRA, PA.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

J. P. Those suffering from weaknesses which sap the pleasures of life should take Juven Pills. One box will tell a story of marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever been offered. Sent by mail in plain package only on receipt of this advertisement and $1. z

Made by its originators C. I. Hood Co., props. Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MEN AND WOMEN

CURE YOURSELF!

Trade Mark BIG G CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents Contagion. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A. Price $1.00

Big G is a nonpoisonous remedy for Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Spermatorrhœa, Whites, unnatural discharges, or any inflammation, irritation or ulceration of mucous membranes. Non-astringent.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS

or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$5.50
STEM WIND
DUST PROOF
STEM SET

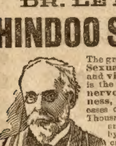
ACCURATE AND DURABLE.

Genuine American movement, plainly marked 17 Jeweled. Adjusted. Nickel. Quick-train. Red ruby Jewels, in raised gilded settings. Exact model of movement required by Engineers and Railway employes. This movement in our 4-ounce LUZON SILVER, open-face, DUST AND DAMP PROOF case, which will retain its color and WEAR A LIFE TIME, is the best value known for Railway Men, Mechanics, Laborers, Farmers, Boys, and those requiring a strong and durable watch. **CUT AD OUT.** Give Post-office and Express Office. We send C. O. D. with privilege of examination at SPECIAL PRICE, $5.50 and express charges, with GOLD-FILLED CHAIN included. Order at once (Allen & Co. are reliable—ED.) Address, **ALLEN & CO.**, Wholesale Jewelers. 2 Manhattan Building, Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

DR. LE MEER'S

HINDOO SPECIFIC



Dr. Le Meer.

The great India nerve, brain and Sexual tablet, restores health and vigor to men and women. It is the only guaranteed cure for nervous debility, sleeplessness, impotency and all diseases of the Sexual Organs. Thousands of weak-nerved men and women have been cured by these tablets, the prescription of which was procured by the Doctor while traveling in India, from the physician then attending the royal family and who carefully guarded the secret. The ingredients are imported to this country and we will send you 30 days' trial treatment, postpaid, by mail, in plain wrapper for $1.00. Tobacco users relief.

HINDOO SPECIFIC (Ltd.), 76 36th St., Chicago.

BLOOD POISON

Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Blood Poison

Permanently Cured. You can be treated at home under same guaranty. Capital $500,000. We solicit the most obstinate cases. We have cured the worst cases in 15 to 35 days. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash and still have aches and pains, Mucus Patches in Mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper-Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, write for proofs of cures.

Cook Remedy Co.

1730 MASONIC TEMPLE, Chicago, Ill. 100-page Book Free.

When Writing Mention The Chicgao Ledger.

cash—if a certain thing happens. That was good o' Lathers to offer to take Lem into his store in place o' Bennie, seein' as Bennie has turned out so bad. I reckon Lathers thinks thar's more bis'ness in Lem than in Bennie, anyhow. Wall, Lem's my puddin'—my puddin', livin' or dead—so I needn't be worried about 'im so long's I keep 'im in sight, an' don't make no mistakes."

One day, after Parker had received two more monthly remittances, which he had handed over to Lathers to invest for him, a used-up-looking boy came to the lumberman in the mill yard and told him that he had something of importance to reveal.

"Out with it, bubby," said Parker, encouragingly, as soon as he and his visitor were alone. "Yer John Jarrett's John, I see."

"Yes."

"Who blacked yer eyes?"

"Lem."

"Lem, eh? And is that what ye come to tell me? I don't never meddle in no kid's fights. All you boys round here must look out for yerself for all o' me."

"That's what made me come, but not what I come to tell ye, Mr. Parker," replied the boy, looking at Sam, cunningly out of his half-closed eyes. "I come to blow on Lem about the bridge."

"What bridge?"

"Lem's bridge."

"But whar is it? I never seen it. No new bridges round here that I've seen or heard on."

"It's up in the willow cove."

"A bridge in the willer cove? How's that? Queer place for a bridge."

"It's thar." The boy spoke earnestly. "You can see it thar, too.'

"I'll go an' see it."

It was not more than a mile to the willow cove, an inlet so densely overhung with willows that its surface was seldom seen by any one. While the cove had ample connection with the river, it was useless to the mill below and to the farmers whose fields lay along one side of it, and was seldom visited except perhaps by boys. It had no fish in it of any consequence, and hence enterprising anglers gave it a wide berth. Parker was guided by John Jarrett's John to a certain spot on its eastern bank.

Looking down upon the cove, he saw there what appeared to be a section of a raft made of old plank and timbers. It lay right before him, against the shore, and he stepped out on it, closely followed by the young informer.

"Is this Lem's contraption?" he asked the boy.

"Yes."

"Who helped him build it?"

"Well, he didn't need such a lot o' help. He could float ev'rything round to place. But he had to have a little help about catchin' some o' the stuff an' steerin' it into the cove an' a bit about the buildin' of it. I and Abe Trumans an' Charley Reaper did most of it for 'im an' I did more'n the others, an' last night he licked me an' swashed me in the cove; ye see, he's done most of it nights."

"Nights, eh? And what's his plan? How's he goin' to use it for a bridge—nothin' but a float?"

"I don't know; he wouldn't never tell any of us. Cranky!"

"W'y," continued Parker, "he never could float it out o' here 'cept at high water times."

"Them's the times he's countin' on, but I told him," answered John Jarrett's John, "that the current 'ud take it over the dam an' then he'd lose it, for he couldn't never git it back."

"An' so 'twould go without awful careful management," asserted Parker. "Whar did he git them old stringers an' planks?"

"Just some old booms an' stuff that he managed to catch comin' down the river last flood," explained the boy. "He said he wouldn't use even a sliver that come from your mill, so you couldn't have any kind of a claim on it."

"Wall," Sam Parker summed up, "ef the thing don't go over the dam I'll have it ripped up above the dam. I can use the timbers in my boom an' the planks'll come in handy slashin' an' apronin' the dam. Don't tell Lem I know anything 'bout this 'n' you'll see some fun bymeby. Here's a quarter for ye."

The young Judas took the money and Sam went back to the mill, and, passing through the shingle room, found Lem Shelton there, busy as usual.

"Tarnation!" he exclaimed, as he went on upstairs. "That boy ain't smart enough to cause nobody no worry on that account. Bridge—I should say not! He must be crazy!"

At that instant Lem was looking shrewdly after the lumberman and muttering:

"I'll show Sam Parker somethin' after awhile. I'm goin' to put his ferry out o' bis'ness. About all I need now is a good run o' water in the river. Then——"

This capital story of boyish adventures will be continued in next week's Ledger. If any reader desires our free cameras or patterns they have only to note our advertisement on pages thirteen and fifteen to find out how they may get them.

Wanted to Nail Him.

Mary was a domestic treasure and when she gave her mistress a month's notice on the plea that she was going to be married there was weeping and wailing in the household.

"Oh, Mary, wouldn't you be willing to oblige me by putting off your marriage for a week if I am not suited when your notice expires?" asked her distressed employer.

"Well, ma'am, I wouldn't mind waiting myself," was the reply, "but men is different. If you don't nail 'em when they're ready for it you can't nail 'em at all."

Incapacitated.

"When we've got skim and chalk milk to dispose of," said the grocery man to the new clerk, "sell it to Mrs. Biggers."

"Why to Mrs. Biggers?" asked the clerk.

"Oh, they won't know the difference in her family," rejoined the grocery man. "Biggers is a milk inspector."

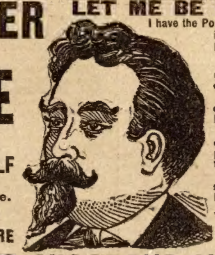
BROTHER Read My FREE Offer and CURE YOURSELF

Privately At Your Own Home.

IT NEVER FAILS TO ALWAYS RESTORE

LET ME BE YOUR FRIEND

I have the Positive Cure for Those Debilitating Drains and Weaknesses Peculiar to Men.



I do not send you any unexpected collect-on-delivery package.

I have no fake medical company to whom I send your name.

I have no trial sample, drugged to the danger point, that cures everything.

I have no Electric Belt scheme to force or embarrass you.

You can see I have been through the mill.

STRONG VIGOROUS VITALITY.

Weak manhood causes mo[illegible]y than all diseases known, but it can be[illegible], and I have the remedy. I will send y[illegible] prescription and full directions FREE[illegible] cost you nothing to try it. It is a[illegible]e for Lost Manhood, Nervous Weakne[illegible]aricocele, No Ambition. It gives youthf[illegible] warmth and vigor, strengthens the vital o[illegible]s, and builds up run-down or abused conditions of the nervous system. Why suffer in silence? It will put sunshine in your soul, and add golden years to your life. I have cured doctors and friends, and I know it will do the work. I send the Prescription and full directions in plain sealed envelope, free; all I ask is that you use it, and if you will, pass it along to your fellow man. This advertising helps my Washing Machine business a little, but, if by placing this cure in the hands of my suffering brethren, I can restore you new life, new joy and happiness, I will feel myself repaid for the effort. Do not delay until the last ray of hope is gone—enjoy life while you live. Write today in confidence.

My private address: **THOMAS BRADFORD, 415 Bradford Building, CINCINNATI, OHIO**

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

The Leper's Fate.

(Continued from page five.)

King Midas to the rushes. That is an amusing fable, is it not? When I picture the noble king sauntering along the river in the evening and hearing the rushes all whisper, 'King Midas hath asses' ears—King Midas hath asses' ears,' it always sets me to laughing."

"The primal story-teller had it easy," said Justin. "Story-tellers at that age in thinking of their moral lost all sense of consistency. In the olden times people were remarkably credulous. This 'show me' element of today at least forces the fabricator to spin his yarns within reason. We are getting off the subject, however. Come, be a trifle amiable. I once thought you the most amiable creature in the world."

"You take a wide range for comparison, Mr. Justin. But, since you seemed not to appreciate this virtue in me, it forced me to reverse things. To my way of thinking this isn't the first instance of a man's ruining a woman's nature through his indifference to her fine qualities. Husbands are given to this."

"Perhaps you are right, Annette, but you who are so wise, cannot be looking for perfection in any man. You see, I do not claim to belong to other than the most ordinary type. As such, you will have to put up with me."

"The most detestable of all natures, I once heard you say, Mr. Justin. One who is content with his unworthiness and has no thought of improving his morals, and makes no attempt to climb, is sure to go back—to degenerate, since nothing in nature stands still. There is more hope for the one in the mire, since he may have the desire to do better."

"You have a retentive memory, Annette. I have often observed that you are ever impressed with a good thought. 'Tis strange that you could go so wrong."

"Pshaw! I know how easy it is to preach, how easy it is to babble. To know what is best to do, and to tell others, does not require a clean heart. It is much easier to direct others than one's self, you know."

At this Justin laughed, and reaching through the bars, pinched the maid's rosy cheek. "You are a wonder, Annette, but, come, have you not tormented me long enough concerning the secret of my esteemed relative? He could not be guilty of a worse crime than this!"

"I shall leave you to judge this for yourself, Mr. Justin, when you have heard the story."

This extraordinary story of crime and deception will be continued in next week's Ledger. Every new subscriber to the Ledger is given a camera or patterns free, as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Cures Weak Men Free.

Insures Love and a Happy Home for All.

How any man may quickly cure himself after years of suffering from sexual weakness, lost vitality, night losses, varicocele, etc., and enlarge small weak organs to full size and vigor. Simply send your name and address to Dr. Knapp Medical Co., 2261 Hull Building, Detroit, Mich., and they will gladly send free receipt with full directions so that any man may easily cure himself at home. This is certainly a most generous offer, and the following extracts taken from their daily mail show what men think of their generosity:

"Dear Sirs—Please accept my sincere thanks for yours of recent date. I have given your treatment a thorough test and the benefit has been extraordinary. It has completely braced me up. I am just as vigorous as when a boy and you cannot realize how happy I am."

"Dear Sirs—Your method worked beautifully. Results were exactly what I needed. Strength and vigor have completely returned and enlargement is entirely satisfactory."

"Dears Sirs—Yours was received and I had no trouble in making use of the receipt as directed, and can truthfully say it is a boon to weak men. I am greatly improved in size, strength and vigor."

All correspondence is strictly confidential, mailed in plain, sealed envelope. The receipt is free for the asking and they want every man to have it.

No Fault of His.

Young Man—Sir, I came to ask your consent to my marriage with your daughter.

Fond Parent—What! Would you deprive me of the only solace of my declining years? Don't you know that she is my only child?

Young Man—Yes; but, of course, I'm not to blame for that.

RODS for locating gold and silver, lost treasures, etc. Guaranteed. Circular 2 cts. Address BRYANT BROS., Box 121-37, DALLAS, Texas

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. B 2 Lebanon, Ohio.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WE PAY ALL CHARGES

THIS OFFER FOR 30 DAYS ONLY.

Cut this out and send to us with your name, address and Express office, and we will send you for FREE EXAMINATION this beautifully engraved, solid 14 K. gold pattern double hunting case watch, with a full ruby jeweled movement, adjusted and regulated, stem wind and set, GUARANTEED 25 YEARS. You examine the watch at Exp. office and if you find it equal to a $40.00 watch, pay agent our SPECIAL PRICE only $3.75 and the watch is yours. FREE a beautiful long Neck Chain for ladies, or Chain and Charm for gents. Mention if Ladies or Gents watch wanted. If money is sent with order we also give a handsome Santiago Diamond Ring FREE. Address

UNITED JEWELRY CO.,
Dep. B12 Monon Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WETO GRAPH

The Great Secret Writing System

FOR LOVERS AND OTHERS

Every lover and every one who writes letters should have a Weto Graph. It is a system of secret sign writing for correspondence, etc. If you have a Weto Graph you can preserve recipes, secret memorandum, addresses, or information you do not want anyone to to find out. You can write to your friends on a postal and no one can find out what you have written. Lots of fun to have a Weto Graph. Don't miss it. Send 10 cents and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address **PENN PUBLISHING CO., PARNASSUS, PA.**

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

500 SHAVES for 25c.

Without a razor, soap or water by using our famous depilatory stone which removes with ease the strongest beard by simply rubbing it over the face. The wonder of the age. **Convenient, Safe, Practical.** No preparation needed. Always ready for use. Can be carried in the vest pocket. **Will last for years.** Soap spoils the skin, sharp razors make ingrowing hairs, keeping the face blotched and sore. The Depilatory Stone prevents these evils. Try one and be convinced. Thousands of them sold every year. Sent postpaid, with full directions for 25 cents. *Agents wanted.* L. H. George & Co., Room L, 80 Dearborn St., Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE To introduce Woman's World in your home we make you a present appreciated by every lady. Woman's World has a circulation of 800,000 and is the best high-class illustrated magazine ever published at a popular price. Send only ten cents, our special rate for a five months' trial subscription, and we will send Woman's World for five months, and you will get **FREE** by return mail TEN beautiful designs and patterns—the **centerpiece, photo frame, three large doilies and napkin ring**—216 square inches of fine linen stamped with the latest designs as illustrated below; also the fine **Battenberg handkerchief, collar, tie-end, etc.,** shown above—all different—all ready to work—216 square inches more—and all **ABSOLUTELY FREE—IN ALL 432 SQUARE INCHES.** Send 25 cents and we will send Woman's World **one year** and all the premiums mentioned above; also 15 yards of fine laces. Address,

WOMAN'S WORLD, Dept. L6, CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Born in Mystery.

(Continued from page eleven.)

question, and as his letters after he returned home were full of plans for the wedding day, the perplexing question never left her mind. What was she to do?

It began to look as though Charlie would do as he had said he would—make her his wife in spite of herself; and one day she caught herself wondering how the white satin dress, which she was to have worn at Lottie's wedding, would look with the folds of a bridal veil falling about it.

Agnes, too, began to wonder how it would end. And as she reviewed her own lonely life and realized how much of life's sweetness she had missed, she felt an intense longing to see poor Marian happily wedded to the man she loved; and although she knew that Marian was right in refusing to allow him to sacrifice everything for her, she began to hope that in some way he would win and that they would, after all, become man and wife.

She was thinking of all this one morning when Marian entered the room with the papers which the postman had just delivered, and as she handed them to her, she took one, and in an absent way began to turn over its pages.

Presently her eyes fell on these words: "I killed Margaret Dare." She raised her hand to her brow as though trying to think. Sometime she had read or heard that name. Then suddenly she remembered, and the words seemed to be dancing all over the page as she eagerly began to read what followed.

This strange story of love and mystery will be continued in next week's Ledger, leading the reader to some very dramatic a6nd remarkable situations. Every subscriber is entitled to our free cameras and patterns as advertised on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Capital Punishment.

A murder case was on trial, and the jury was being selected. Among the venire was a negro who had a passion for listening to Socialistic speeches when not otherwise engaged, which was "generally always."

The attorney asked. "Do you believe in capital punishment?"

"Yas, [illegible] I does."

"Do [illegible] now what capital punishment is?"

"Cou[illegible]bes," the negro replied.

"Well, [illegible]t do you understand capital punishm[illegible]to be?"

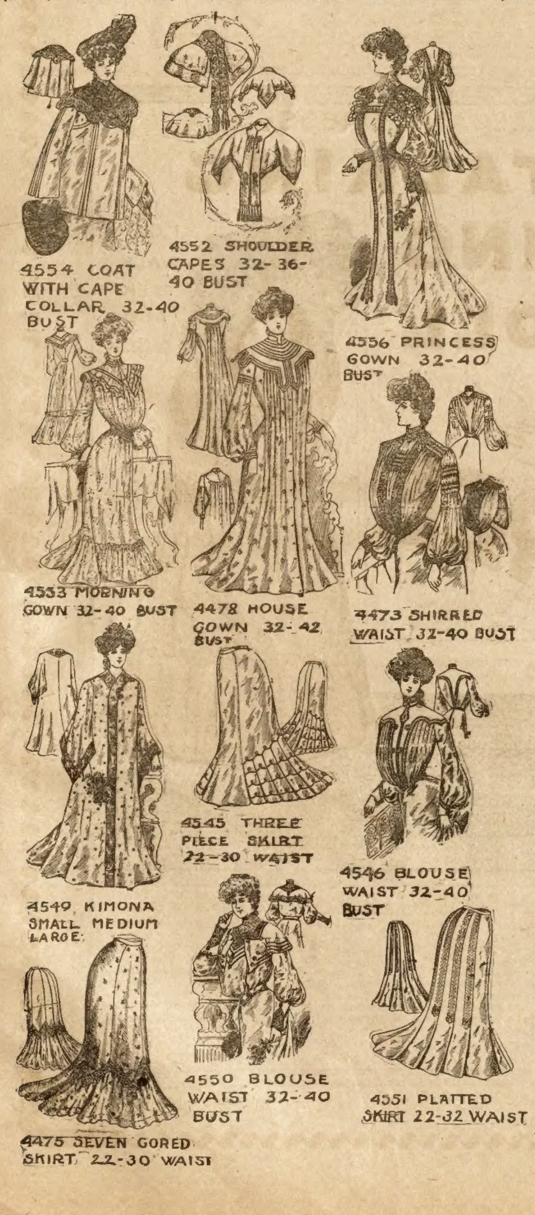
"It me[illegible]a gitten eben wid de rich, who are a runn' ober de pore. I ble'be hit's right, an' you cain't make me ble'be nuthin' else."

"Accepted," shouted the attorney.

Beautiful Patterns Free---An Unparalleled Offer.

The patterns shown below are furnished us by one of the best, if not the best, pattern manufacturers in New York. They comprise the very latest styles, and are unequalled for accuracy in fit, simplicity in use, and are most economical of material. They sell from the stores from twenty-five to fifty cents each. Full instructions are printed on every pattern. Three months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 25 cents and any TWO of these patterns FREE. Six months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 50 cents and FIVE of these patterns FREE. This offer is without equal. If you are wise you will take advantage of it at once.

REMEMBER, to avoid mistakes, you must first give the number of the Pattern wanted—second, do not fail to give bust measure for waist, or waist measure if skirt is desired. Unless you do as here stated we will not know what to send you. Also, do not fail to enclose money. **PATTERN DEPT., CHICAGO LEDGER, CHICAGO, ILL.**


4554 COAT WITH CAPE COLLAR 32-40 BUST
4552 SHOULDER CAPES 32-36-40 BUST
4556 PRINCESS GOWN 32-40 BUST
4553 MORNING GOWN 32-40 BUST
4478 HOUSE GOWN 32-42 BUST
4473 SHIRRED WAIST 32-40 BUST
4545 THREE PIECE SKIRT 22-30 WAIST
4546 BLOUSE WAIST 32-40 BUST
4549 KIMONA SMALL MEDIUM LARGE
4550 BLOUSE WAIST 32-40 BUST
4551 PLAITED SKIRT 22-32 WAIST
4475 SEVEN GORED SKIRT 22-30 WAIST

YOUTHFUL VIGOR RESTORED

After Investigating all Known Methods we Believe There is Nothing to Equal "CALTHOS"—It Cures at Home.

To Prove It, Full Five Days' Trial Treatment Will Be Sent Free to any Needy Man. Send for it Today. No C. O. D. or Prescription Scheme.

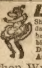
This paper is authorized to say that if any middle-aged or old man who does not feel himself as capable today as when he was in his twenties, or any young man who is not as perfect as he knows he ought to be, will write in confidence to the Von Mohl Co., of Cincinnati, they will be glad to send each man who writes them a full 5 days' trial treatment of "Calthos," the great remedy for weak and nervous men, discovered by that celebrated French scientist, Prof. Jules Laborde. This is the very remedy that has cured so many thousands of men of all ages, who through errors in youth, excesses in later life and still other causes, had become weaklings of the most embarrassing kind. It instantly restored to them this power which they had lost and gave them back again the vigor, confidence and ambition of younger days, and all privately in their own home. It is the only remedy of its kind sanctioned by the French and German armies, and the Von Mohl Co. has the sole distributing rights for America.

There is nothing whatsoever behind this offer to send you a 5 days' trial treatment free. It means that and nothing more. It is no C. O. D., prescription or deposit scheme, as this concern is too large to resort to such nefarious methods. And while others are spending hundreds of thousands of dollars every year in advertising, the Von Mohl Co. puts its spare money into free trial treatments, which it sends out broadcast to all men who send their name and address, and in this way they not only prove the value of Calthos, but they do mankind some good. You surely need this great discovery if you suffer from Lost Manhood, Emissions, Prematurity, Spermatorrhoea, Varicocele, Enlargement of the Prostate Gland, Lack of Virile Power, Hydrocele, Impotency; if you are bashful, timid in the company of ladies, if you lack confidence in your powers, if you are not socially as attractive as you used to be, if you are getting to be a "woman hater." Calthos will get your blood to circulating to the desired spot, your nerves to tingling with renewed ambition, your muscles enlarged with increasing power; it will stop the drains, create healthy life force, invigorate the flabby parts and make you once again see life as you saw it in your prime, and as every vigorous man sees it throughout life. It will be a permanent cure and it is accomplished privately in your own home.

You may think you have tried your level best to be cured, you may have spent money on this thing and that without good results, but until you send for the free trial treatment of Calthos and see for yourself what wonderful good it does you, you cannot say with a clear conscience that you have done your full duty to yourself. Calthos has permanently cured thousands who have tried "everything else." It will cure you if only you will be thoughtful enough to send for it. Do so today sure and they will send you free, besides the 5 days' trial treatment, many interesting illustrated books on the subject, all in plain wrapper, and sealed against inspection. Do not hesitate to write, as they are only too glad to do this for any suffering man and you should not rest content until you find out by actual trial if Calthos can cure you. Write today in full confidence.

THE VON MOHL CO., 779 B, Largest Importers of Standard Preparations in the United States. Cincinnati, Ohio.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.



LITTLE EGYPT Dancing the Hoochy Koochy

Showing all the original movements as given by the world-famed dancer in real life. This novelty is a hot seller. Great fun to watch her while in motion. She is petite, lovely and graceful and creates a big sensation whenever introduced. Send for the wonderful Oriental Dancer to-day. Price 10c, 3 for 25c, and our big Catalogue Free. Armstrong Pub. Co., 271 Huron St., Dept. 38, Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MORPHINE Free Trial Treatment

Opium and all drug habits. Painless, permanent Home Cure. Nervous and physical systems fully restored to their normal condition. A full trial treatment alone often cures. Write us in confidence. St. Paul Association, Suite 826, 48 Van Buren Street, CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WETO GRAPH

The Great Secret Writing System

FOR LOVERS AND OTHERS

Every lover and every one who writes letters should have a Weto Graph. It is a system of secret sign writing for correspondence, etc. If you have a Weto Graph you can preserve recipes, secret memorandum, addresses, or information you do not want anyone to to find out. You can write to your friends on a postal and no one can find out what you have written. Lots of fun to have a Weto Graph. Don't miss it. Send 10 cents and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., PARNASSUS, PA.

$3.50 THE GREATEST BARGAIN on the face of the Earth

JUST THINK OF IT! A real genuine American full engraved double hunting case watch and a handsome chain and charm for $3.50. Many gold filled watches sold at five times the price cannot compare with this in beauty, finish, or timekeeping qualities. Elegant genuine standard American seven jeweled movement, stem wind and stem set, absolutely guaranteed by special certificate for 20 YEARS. Nothing like it ever advertised before and positively the greatest bargain on the face of the Earth.

SEEING IS BELIEVING Cut this advertisement out and send it to us with your name, post office and express office address, and we will send the watch and chain complete to you by express for examination. You examine them at your express office and if as represented and the greatest bargain you ever saw pay the express agent our Special Sale Price $3.50 and express charges and the watch and chain are yours. Our beautiful catalogue and mammoth list of genuine testimonials sent free with every watch. Mention size of watch wanted, Lady's size or Gents size, and order to-day as this advt. will positively not appear again. Address R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 352-356 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BOYS NAMES WANTED

The Star Monthly wants names and addresses of bright boys between 12 and 20 years of age. We want to get them interested in our beautifully illustrated magazine of boys' stories, which has a circulation of 150,000 copies monthly. Every month it has a different cover beautifully printed in colors. It contains fine stories and handsome illustrations as well as departments for the Amateur Photographer, the Collector of Stamps, Coins and Curios, a Puzzle Department, and Educational Contest. It tells how to make boats, furniture and all sorts of useful articles, and each month awards a number of valuable prizes to subscribers. In order to get boys names quickly we make this special offer:

Send five boys' names and 5 two-cent stamps or 10 cents in silver and we will enter you as a subscriber fully paid in advance for three months. Write the boys' names plainly also give your own name and full address so you will be sure to get the paper every month. Address:

STAR MONTHLY, OAK PARK, ILL.

BOYS WANTED TO SELL THE BLADE AND LEDGER.

We want a boy in every town to act as agent. We start you without asking a cent in advance. Fill out the blank below and we will send you a bundle of BLADES AND LEDGERS by mail, also report blanks, instructions, and certificate of agency. You report each week, paying only for papers you sell. You keep 2 cents out of every 5 cent sale and send us 3 cents. In this way you can earn a nice sum each week. No experience necessary. We send full instructions so you can begin at once. Tear out the coupon below and send it in.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Boyce Building, Chicago.

GENTLEMEN: I would like to be your agent. agree to pay you for all papers I sell, less my commission. I also agree to report every week. Please send me a bundle of papers, report blanks, etc Yours truly,

Name..

Street.................................. *Town*...................................

Date.................................. *State*...................................

FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

"What makes you so bad, Tommy?" asked an old lady of a precocious youngster.

"'Cause the good die young," answered the incorrigible Tommy.

—

"And every thing was drowned except what went into the ark," explained the Sunday school teacher.

"Fishes, too?" queried a small pupil.

—

Flossie, aged three, wanted more cake, but was told that it would make her sick. She was silent for a moment and then exclaimed: "Well, mamma, dest dive me annuzer piece an' send for ze doctor."

—

Small Bobby had met with a slight mishap and was crying bitterly.

"Come here," said his mother, "and let me kiss away the tears."

"W-wait a m-minute," sobbed the little fellow. "I a-ain't done c-cryin' yet."

—

"I want a hair-brush for my mamma's birthday present," said little Johnny as he approached the counter.

"What kind of brush would you like?" asked the clerk.

"Oh, any kind, so it has a soft back," explained the youthful philosopher.

—

"An abstract noun," said the teacher of the juvenile grammar class, "is the name of something you can think of but cannot touch. Now, Harry, can you give an example?"

"Yes, ma'am; a red-hot poker," promptly answered the youthful student.

—

Grandma—Now, Johnny, sit down and tell me why your father whipped you.

Johnny—I'd rather stand up and tell you.

—

Sunday School Teacher—Do you love your enemies, Tommy?

Tommy—What kind of enemies—the big ones or the little ones?

—

Aunt Mary—I do wish the good Lord had made me a man!

Little Flossie—Perhaps he did, auntie, and you haven't been able to find him yet.

—

"Say, mamma," queried little Harold, "am I a barber?"

"Certainly not, dear," replied his mother. "What put that idea into your head?"

"Why, Uncle Bob called me a little shaver this morning," explained Harold.

The Singing Dog.

Dick developed this trait at a very early age and as he belonged to a musical family they took great pride at first in his accomplishment. There was no doubt that he loved to exercise his voice, and no matter who was playing on the piano the little bull terrier would plant himself in the middle of the floor, throw back his head and break into an accompaniment of singing whines which were not amusing.

But on one occasion Dick nearly came to grief. A trio of wandering musicians halted in front of the house one fine summer evening—a harpist, a violinist and a flutist—and struck up some very pretty melodies, sweet old tunes, dear to everybody, and so well played that many stopped to listen.

Among the listeners was Dick, who stood well in front, wagging his stump of a tail with keen delight. Just in the midst of "The Last Rose of Summer" he sat himself down, threw back his head and lifted up his voice.

The effect was ludicrous and the crowd tittered. The musicians stopped two or three times and tried to drive [illegible] dog away, but Dick was in front o[illegible] own home and would not budge. [illegible]ried a different tune; Dick chimed i[illegible] renewed ardor, while the growin[illegible]rowd shrieked with merriment.

By this time the musicians were furious, muttering some dreadful things in Italian. They shouldered their belongings, but as they went away the violinist flung a brick at the unconscious singer, who went limping and howling to be comforted at home. From that day, however, Dick kept his solos for the home circle, and never again appeared in public.

Guy's Philosophy.

This youngster, like most boys, is very fond of his paternal grandmother. She took charge of the house while the mother went away for a week not long ago.

One day he was rather obstreperous, and the grandmother remarked: "If I had the care of you all the time, Guy, I shouldn't allow you to do many things that I overlook this week; I am afraid you wouldn't love me so much then."

"Well," replied Guy, "I suppose it would be like ice cream—if we had it all the time, I s'pose we wouldn't care much about it, anyway."

Sun and Stars.

The sun had worked so hard all day
That he was tired, and went to bed;
"I'll send the youngsters out to play,
Then I shall get some peace!" he said.

So all the little stars went out,
Like good, obedient little elves,
Among the clouds to play about,
And quietly amuse themselves.

They played at "catch me if you can,"
They played at "hide and seek" and "spy,"
And in the races that they ran.
They chased the clouds all round the sky.

But what the stars enjoyed the best
Was peeping down to try to see
The little children go to rest
In snow-white beds so happily!

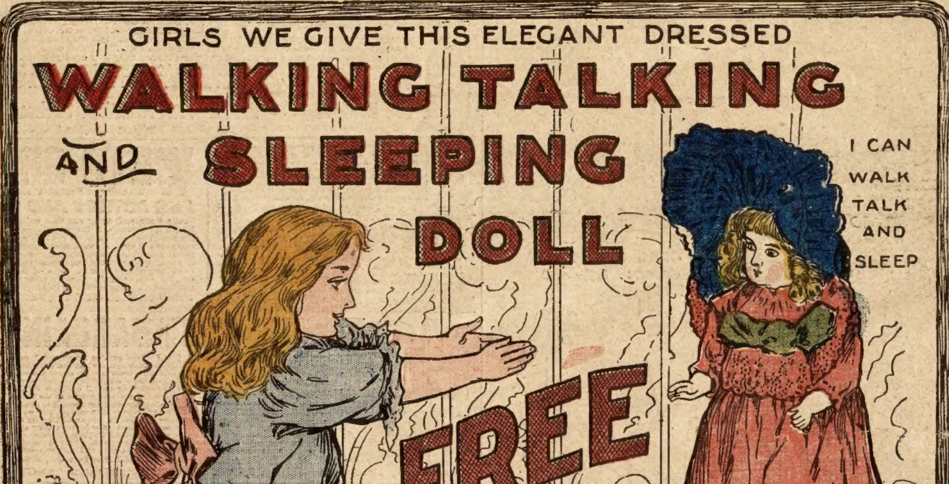
They crept, with soft and twinkling light,
Through nurs'ry window-panes to peep,
And tried to watch all through the night
The little children fast asleep!

And when the sun, at break of day,
Awoke refreshed and rosy red,
The little stars ran up to say,
How sweet the children looked in bed!

The great sun beamed: "My stars!" he said.
"I'm off as fast as I can go;
You saw the children put to bed,
But I must wake them up, you know!"

Little Margie—I have a new changeable silk dress to wear next Sunday.

Little Elsie—Pooh, that's nothing! All my dresses are changeable.


GIRLS WE GIVE THIS ELEGANT DRESSED
WALKING TALKING
AND
SLEEPING
DOLL
FREE
I CAN WALK TALK AND SLEEP

THE LATEST EUROPEAN WONDER—A LOVELY WALKING, TALKING AND SLEEPING DOLL.

Nearly a foot and a half tall, a perfect little queen, with pretty blue or brown eyes which go to sleep; beautiful pearly teeth and curly ringlets; handsomely and stylishly dressed—in fact, a magnificent creature of dolldom, the height of the doll-maker's art. **Girls, by working after school for a few days you can easily earn this lovely doll FREE!** Send us your name and address. We will send you by mail 30 fast-selling articles. useful for ladies or gentlemen; no brass trash such as some concerns send out. Sell the articles **FOR 10 CENTS** each. When sold return us our money, **$3.00**, and we will promptly send you this beautiful doll. Understand, this doll we offer you is something new and entirely novel. It cannot be obtained anywhere else, because we control the whole output of the factory in Europe, and these dolls were never sold in this country before. We test each doll and we guarantee that it will travel twenty (20) feet across the floor, standing without help of any kind; will go to sleep and will say "Papa" and "Mamma" any time you wish to have it do so. You will find it a source of endless pleasure and the envy of all your playmates. Remember that you cannot buy this doll or obtain it in any way except from us.

$100 Reward is offered to any person who can prove that we have not given this beautiful Doll for selling only 30 articles at 10 cents apiece. We treat our customers right. Send your name to-day and be the first one in your locality to get one of these dolls. Address

WALKING DOLL COMPANY, 165 HIGH ST., Dept. 50, Boston, Mass.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.